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## Notes of the Week

**A**UTHORS who have made their name, whether as novelists or as contributors to responsible papers, are threatened with a rather serious annoyance if the trouble which has befallen Mr. Pett Ridge becomes at all common. It seems that a story in the “English Illustrated Magazine” for July, under his signature, was not written by him, but by some enterprising and unscrupulous person whose own manuscripts, no doubt, have been “declined with thanks,” and who had the brilliant idea of sending in work under a false but well-known name. The editor, having corresponded with his contributor, cannot be blamed, and it seems that finger-print records, or at least specimens of the handwriting of noted authors, will have to be stored as a precaution in each office open to assault. The work of the literary forger is a peculiarly mean and contemptible form of fraud, a confession of incompetence in itself; by its very nature, however, it may on occasion be delightfully easy and a capital method of “earning” a living—until found out.

Since the Olympic Games took place at Stockholm, a few weeks ago, a more or less spasmodic attention has been given to the question of the muscular development of the young man of to-day, and it has been asked whether, both mentally and physically, he is keeping “up to standard.” We have some splendid old men among us, still fully occupied and doing good work; are the young men likely to wear as well in the future years? An evening contemporary, obtaining the views of the veterans, quotes Lord Sherborne (who is over eighty) as saying that it is “only when the educator gets hold of the youths of the present day that physical deterioration begins,” and that no fixed rules as regards habits or diet have aided him to his lengthy life. Lord Courtown, on the other hand, does not perceive any decay in the present generation, and attributes his long activity of eighty-nine years to “regular habits, thorough rest of mind and body on Sunday, and an inherited constitution.” All these symposiums from experts in the art of life leave us much where we were—convinced that the victorious, specially trained athlete no more accurately represents the nation than does the anæmic, round-shouldered clerk; but that the best criterion is our unfailing devotion, in sun or rain, to those outdoor recreations which Englishmen must and will have, be they at home or abroad.

The melodrama written round some sensational event, such as a murder, a race-meeting, a rescue, seems not to appeal to the London theatre-goer as much as it used to years ago; in America, however, the production of “spine-thrillers” reaches a fine art. “Give me a good, thrilling news-story, a pair of patent-leather shoes, and some cigarettes for the villain, and a soft, blue flannel shirt for the hero, and I’ll guarantee to turn the national spine into money,” says an authority on the subject; and herein lies a mystery to us. Why should patent shoes and cigarettes be associated with villainy; and why is it demanded by the populace that the hero must wear a “soft, blue flannel shirt”? Again, why is the country lying between New York and Pittsburg in ecstasy over “The Fatal Wedding,” while farther west the mildly sentimental is the only sure thing for the hungry box-office? It is the fashion to sneer at melodrama nowadays; but, after all, we may as well remember that most of the big “thrillers” of the last decade were adapted from newspaper columns, and had at least a foundation in real life; some of the “intellectual” plays of the present imitative vogue lose their grip by being pretentious pictures of a life that exists only in their authors’ too vivid imagination.

## Sunset

TEN thousand years ago, maybe,  
The sense forlorn now fallen on me  
Of alien light and of the wide  
Indifferent calm of evening tide,  
Troubled no less the soul of one  
Who standing here at set of sun  
Looked forth upon the day's decline  
With grief as wild and strange as mine.

And haply with a selfsame sense  
Another climbing long years hence  
By well-known ways to this green height  
While yet the west is filled with light,  
Shall watch, forlorn of soul as I,  
The streaming glories pass him by  
And as the great sun disappears  
Be moved, he knows not why, to tears.  
W. G. HOLE.

## The Boy and His Book

IT was the fashion, years ago (and may be now with many people, for all we know) to regard the average boy as a thoroughly practical, unimaginative little specimen of humanity, whose character the inner and secret life of thought and dreams had no part in forming. Such books as were written purposely for him presented him with a picture of himself in lurid colours as a person more than usually endowed with original sin, and set up for his example and hopeless imitation a mythical "good boy" who never overstepped the bounds of propriety in language, never soiled his clothes, gave his pennies to the gardener's sick child, and radiated good advice in the most annoying way on every available occasion. Too often these stories ruined their possible effect by sending the cherished infant into an early decline—perhaps to get rid of him. Later on came healthy school stories—those of the Rev. H. C. Adams, "The Cherrystones" and "The First of June" are instances—where, although the moral was very definitely pointed, it sometimes succeeded in really adorning the tale.

With R. M. Ballantyne and his period the situation changed rapidly. It became obvious that the boy possessed—surprising discovery!—imagination and fancy; that he was capable of projecting himself into the adventures of his heroes, of being a hero by virtue of exchanged identity; that he was of kin to the poet, inasmuch as he could live in a dream-world of his own. Ballantyne had an astonishing vogue; less astonishing, perhaps, when we remember that he had few competitors. In the 'eighties the boy's author had the field all to himself; or, rather, the spheres of his rivals were so definitely limited that he had no trouble in winning especial laurels and retaining them undisturbed. Kingston's sea stories made no intrusion upon Ballantyne's

ground; Marryat's tales of adventure and Mayne Reid's more highly coloured fantasies held a place apart; Jules Verne, idolised by youngsters of a scientific turn of mind, had nothing to fear from any other writer—he was the only man in those days who could work out plausibly the idea of a projectile with human freight shot "From the Earth to the Moon," or the notion, then so wild, now becoming commonplace, of an airship, excellently named the "Clipper of the Clouds," that should travel long distances and ascend or descend at the will of its captain. These men knew the boy's mind to perfection; the "Boys' Own Paper" encouraged many of them, and did wonders in the way of providing healthy literature for that comparatively new phenomenon—the boy with a vivid imagination.

Then, alas! came the inevitable commercial exploitation of the increasing appetite for knowledge and adventure. Millions of boys must have millions of books: let us then commission a thousand writers to grind out detective stories, tales of blood and braggadocio; not because they or we understand the boy and love him, but because there's money in it. And let us, above all, make them cheap, so that the boy himself shall not wait to have them given to him at Christmas or to apply for them at the free library, but shall buy them with his own penny whenever he likes; and to secure that penny we will have pictures of feathered savages and pirates and muscular pale-face heroes on the front page. So reasoned the speculators; and soon into each little newspaper shop and tobacconist's crept insidiously rows of roughly printed stories, written in curious English, fiercely illustrated; stories of Cherokee Indians, by men who had never been farther abroad than Boulogne; of pirates, by men who would have curled up and died if they had met one; of terrible shooting affrays, by men who didn't know how to load a revolver; of daring rescues, by men who had hardly rescued a fly from a cup of tea. By men, in short, who had just learned the trick, were clever enough to know that the young readers would not be too critical, and wanted the money. Even the school story, so finely done by Talbot Baines Reed in the bygone years, was prostituted. And these men, or their successors, are writing to-day.

Fortunately there is now a large number of writers who realise the pity of this machine-made stuff, and who, watching the possibilities of the developing mind, set themselves definitely to counteract it by work which shall lack no qualities of excitement, but which shall be on a higher level and of a finer tone altogether; men who understand the Boy Scout movement, and who publish, not two stories a week, but one or two good books a year. They cannot compete with the flood; they cannot, unhappily, write penny stories for the errand-boy—who must have his catchy title and his tempting front page, since he also possesses a lively, hungry imagination; but they are taking, to some extent, the place once held by the honoured writers of the 'eighties, left vacant for so long.

WILFRID L. RANDELL.



## Massenet and His Operas

ALTHOUGH the late Jules Emile Frédéric Massenet cannot—with all possible deference to each morning paper claiming the “largest circulation”—be described as a “great” composer, he will at least go down to posterity as an extremely popular one. Several of the machine-made operas following his fascinating and more or less skilfully characterised “Manon” are uninspired, and even common-place, while page upon page exploits the cloying Massenet musical idiom *ad nauseam*. But only ignorant persons (among whom are those who dub him “great”) will deny a feeling for melody and atmosphere, and a certain grace, charm and sympathy which generally permeate his music. Indeed, had the prolific musician not been so fatally industrious, had he, in short, limited a life's output to, say, a dozen operas, instead of tempting fate with more than double that number, each might have equalled “Manon.” Prolificacy, however, was in the composer's blood, for it was his misfortune to be one of twenty-one children.

Born at Montaud, near St. Etienne, May 12, 1842, in very humble circumstances, Massenet was intended for the priesthood, a calling upon which his parents had set their hearts. Judge, then, of their disappointment when the little Jules Emile Frédéric, throwing aside the assumed mask of obedience and docility, calmly announced that he felt his true vocation to be stage-music. “*Mais c'est trop fort!*” declared the parental Massenets, “*le petit n'a que dix ans!*” Eventually finding that the future Officer of the Legion of Honour and Member of the Académie had developed a will of his own, a year later they reluctantly consented to his entering the Paris Conservatoire. In 1863 the abnormally hard-working lad, who had supplemented a most meagre subsistence-allowance by playing the kettle-drums and the triangle at various theatres, carried off the *Grand Prix*—with a cantata entitled “David Rizzio.” The next three years, as is customary with *Grand Prix* winners, were spent at the Villa Medici, Rome, in Hungary and in Germany, the student's mind also being enlarged by visits to innumerable places which are said to fan the sacred fire. Finally, the young man (who, in the meantime, had been foolish enough to marry on the proverbial twopence halfpenny) returned to Paris, ready to set the Seine on fire.

At this period in Massenet's career dark clouds loomed thickly ahead. Without private means or influential friends, and saddled with a dowerless wife, the improvident fellow endeavoured to make ends meet by giving piano-lessons and piano-recitals. He even took up his first instrument, the drum, obtaining an engagement under the conductor of the Porte-Saint-Martin Theatre—a sad come-down for an aspirant whose career at the Conservatoire had been so distinguished. Happily, at this juncture fortune smiled on the necessitous drummer; the management made it possible for his “Suite d'Orchestre” to be played

at an important concert, and life began to be rose-coloured. Making useful friends, the ex-instrumentalist, who was then twenty-five, impressed the authorities of the Opéra Comique with the good qualities of “La Grand' Tante,” his first essay in the field of opera, and it was accorded sixteen performances at the historic house.

During the next ten years he composed “Esméralda,” which was neither printed nor performed; “Méduse,” which also remained unpublished; “La Coupe du Roi de Thulé,” which the composer thought fit to suppress; the popular “Don César de Bazan”; “L'Adorable Bel-Boul,” also withdrawn from performance; “Bérenère et Anatole,” which was played only in private; and “Le Roi de Lahore”—a work of considerable merit. Then came a well-advised four years' holiday, after which “Hérodiade,” a singularly unsatisfying attempt, broke the silence, to be followed—in rapid succession—by the charming (and still greatly appreciated) “Manon” and the scarcely less successful “Le Cid.” “Manon,” by the way, was performed throughout the English provinces in the mid 'eighties, with Joseph Maas, Leslie Crotty and Marie Röze, a most distinguished trio; but a particularly inept and absurd vernacular adaptation helped to ruin the opera's chances of permanent success—a circumstance of which the composer, who did not know English, remained unaware till his dying day. Next, close (too close) upon each other's heels, came “Marie Magdeleine,” originally an oratorio; “Esclarmonde,” known as “Massenet's Wagnerian confession of faith,” because in it he attempted to emulate Wagner's example; “Le Mage,” founded on Marion Crawford's novel “Zoroaster”; the sombre “Werther,” of which, curiously enough, the volatile French are inordinately fond; the salacious “Thaïs”; “Le Portrait de Manon,” and “La Navarraise,” a noisy, unmusical, and consequently, displeasing thing.

The monumentally dull “Sapho,” the pretty, fanciful “Cendrillon,” the very attractive “Griséidis,” and the unequal—but always sympathetic—“Jongleur de Notre-Dame,” made their appearance between 1897 and 1902, thus attesting the diligent Massenet's marvellous capability for continuous application. “Chérubin,” much of which is charmingly tuneful, “Ariane,” “Thérèse,” “Bacchus,” with Catulle Mendès as librettist, “Roma” and “Don Quichotte”—an opera of very great merit and distinction—complete the list. “Don Quichotte,” it is interesting to note, has had a *succès fou* throughout France, the most exacting critics, both professional and amateur, having loudly acclaimed a work which comes within measurable distance of being a masterpiece. When, however, London had the opportunity of making its very desirable acquaintance, unmusical dullards, vitiated by a long course of musical comedy, ballad concerts, and other inanities, neglected to avail themselves of the occasion.

Massenet, who had passed the allotted age of man by three months, was ever a captive to the wiles of 'witching' women. Adoring and adored, the impressionable

composer was so dominated by love that scarcely any other theme appealed to the musical side of his nature. The feminist of opera, most of his works are named after the heroine; and each resolves itself into a study of female temperament, the medium of expression often being of the sickly-sentimental, treacly description, and, consequently, inappropriate to the subject. Nor does Massenet's music exhibit many signs of progression, or even variety; the methods which he employed in 1867 served him in 1912, thus making for an unwelcome sameness, while the orchestration, except when its refreshing simplicity is justifiable, is frequently primitive to the verge of childishness. In both "La Grand' Tante" and "Roma," his first and last operas, this fault is apparent.

It is doubtful if much of Massenet's work will endure "Manon" should certainly hold the Continental stage for years to come, and those of his operas which have been in the *répertoire* for some time will probably be given as long as the present generation of singers lasts. But it is difficult to conceive a similar compliment being extended to the others, especially as the composer's personal popularity and influence (which, alas! must die with him) were a potent factor in his artistic prosperity. Meanwhile, posterity should be eternally grateful to him for "Manon" and "Don Quichotte."

GEORGE CECIL.

## A Satiated Public

THE station bookstall, even more than the bookseller's shop, presents a problem to which it offers no solution. To what end are these piles of rival magazines, in clashing colours, elbowing each other? Why should these many-hued weeklies, so sedulously punctual, and, for the most part, so amazingly inane; these endless "series" and "libraries" upon the shelves; these hundredweights of a fiction that is neither life nor romance, be produced at all? Of course the obvious answer is—for profit. But is that to be the end of it?

The public, the profit-provider, is not greatly interested in this imposing show. The public, indeed, appears a little bored. Round it is a clamouring army of book-makers, of magazine-makers, of series-makers, of short-cuts-to-knowledge-makers, each raising a terrific din about his wares, each crying, with passionate iteration, "Buy me: I am the best!" One sees the public as a patient flock of geese, or, if you like, a horde of children, not waiting to be fed, but having food thrust down their throats. Again one sees it as a be-

wildered giant, a Cyclops whose eye rolls distractedly in search of a point of rest. Or, again, it is a rich and simple innocent, open to the exploitation of every nostrum, whether of pills or print.

The leading fact that emerges from all this is the bewildered passivity of the public. It seems almost to have lost the power of individual selection. No longer has it to search for what it wants; it knows nothing of the joys of discovery. It has only to put out its hand, and immediately something is given, and it doesn't seem to mind much what it is. How can it, thus beset, and besought, and beguiled? It has no knowledge of the innumerable gentlemen sitting in numberless offices racking their brains for a "new idea" in periodicals, nor does it hear the click of thousands and thousands of typewriters and the drone of weary voices, dictating, dictating endless copy that it is devoutly hoped may "catch on." The public is there to be fooled, according to the code.

To try to prophesy where this multiplication of print—particularly illustrated periodical print—will finally lead us would be idle, but the immediate result is plain, and it is precisely this: that the average person who reads in the objectless spirit upon which this octopus of print lives is extraordinarily muddled—muddled not only about what he reads, but also about life. He loses perspective, proportion, and in time he will almost lose the power of consecutive thought. The mind adapts itself more readily to trivial things than to the things that matter; it becomes a kind of feeble Anarchist, plotting its own overthrow. That is the result of being crammed with "periodical literature."

Of the many "series" and "libraries" we can only speak with respect; they are admirable in themselves. We are assured by the publishers that they "bring true literature to the million"; that they "provide intellectual food for the rising generation"; that they "bring the greatest minds of the world into the home." Yes, we know all about that. We know that it is easy enough to "bring them into the home." We bring them tied up in a neat brown paper parcel, and feel infinitely proud and virtuous. There they are. But what happens to them then?

The classics cannot very well be assailed—there is no quarrel with them. But to read the classics, or any work that has thought behind it, a certain amount of detachment is necessary, and a good deal of concentration is indispensable. The actual and born student knows this by natural instinct, but the average reader, who is the average buyer, does not. The student, in all ages, has found his own way, series or no series, and he will continue to find it. But what does the buyer of these masterpieces make of his long rows of pretty



books? Often they are on his shelves just because they are pretty books, and because most men like to be credited with that "tincture of letters" which is supposed to be like the final polish on lacquer work. An ordinarily intelligent man in most of the affairs of life recently devoted a month of evenings to a couple of volumes of Montaigne. He became more and more perplexed; he could make neither head nor tail of that inimitable pagan. But, more conscientious than some, he had bought Montaigne in a series, and meant to get his money's worth. Now what is there in Montaigne to puzzle a man who can concentrate, or half-concentrate, his mind? You may question Montaigne's philosophy, but there is no doubt about what he means. This man was incapable of concentration, he could grasp nothing but the "mean style" of which Aristotle speaks. He had the periodical habit.

Ask any intelligent examiner, and he will tell you that it is the same with most modern students of literature, the conscientious learners. What they lack is grip. They, too, cannot concentrate. They may be amused by a paradox, but they are bemused by a synthesis. Many of these minds lack neither alertness nor intelligence, but they are often lost when it comes to following the constructive processes of thought. They have read, indeed, but to what end? The finer fiction eludes them, though they will read, and quote with horrible appreciation, the rank banalities of the minor novelist. These are not clay in the hands of the potter; at best they are but as sand, taking the oblitative impressions of the moment. They are gorged with print. It is the disgorging process that is needed here.

No wise man complains of desultory reading; it may be termed the pick and shovel work that shall disclose the vein of gold, henceforth to be followed to a life's end. Turn a boy—or a girl, for that matter—into a library, and let him browse at will. And if it be a right library the table will not be encumbered with piles of periodicals. There will be room on it for the careful opening of tall folios, and there will be a smaller table, near the light, where the reader may take his fill of high romance. Twenty good books may make a library, and a thousand only a chaos.

The fact is that this patient public is glutted with printed matter. It does not know where to choose; and still the sellers cry and cry. Our age has evolved an almost incredible anomaly, a new vice. It is the vice of reading the casual, the foolish, the trivial, without knowing them to be casual, trivial, and foolish. And in the welter of it all stands, imperturbable, the figure of Irony, his lips a little awry, but with pity in his eyes.

## REVIEWS

### "Guarantism"

*Modern Democracy: A Study in Tendencies.* By BROUGHAM VILLIERS. (T. Fisher Unwin. 7s. 6d. net.)

MR. F. J. SHAW has—the wrapper and title-page of the book here reviewed proclaim the fact—adopted the pseudonym of Brougham Villiers, possibly because Mr. F. J. Shaw is hardly likely to be thought of as *the* Mr. Shaw while Mr. G. B. Shaw is still in rivalry with him, and Brougham Villiers, having done what he could to educate his fellow-creatures by presenting them with a volume on "The Socialist Movement in England" and a volume on "The Opportunity of Liberalism," has now further contributed to their facilities for intellectual advancement by publishing a work on "Modern Democracy." Elderly readers who like to have the impressions of their early manhood recalled should read this record of the Villiers dispensation, for it revives omniscience. Of course omniscience has never been wholly extinct; Mr. H. G. Wells is omniscient; Mr. G. K. Chesterton is omniscient, and so in all geniality is Mr. Hilaire Belloc. But none of these has the full-flavoured omniscience that was the privilege of mid-Victorian economists and mid-Victorian editors of learnedly written weekly papers. That was an omniscience which so impressed itself and the devout beholders, moved so ponderously and seriously, contradicted itself from decade to decade with such sublime solemnity, and damned humane sentiment on the one side and common sense on the other so authoritatively that its audacity hypnotised the educated world of its day irresistibly. One cannot say that Brougham Villiers has reintroduced this glorious vintage, but there is the smack, the flavour, of it in his output.

His present object, besides correcting the mental operations of his fellow-men by means of his superiority, is to expound a new "ism." This is "guarantism." The word is not pretty, it has a mongrel look; but Fourier, not Brougham Villiers, is its begetter. And when we turn from the word to the thing signified we find that "guarantism" is a name for the vaguely Socialistic political tendencies represented by the more obscure members of the Labour party in the House of Commons. Fourier, we learn, "seems to have foreseen the coming of an age of universal insurance, in which, while the capitalist form of industry would remain intact, there would be an ever-growing, ever more elaborate organisation to guarantee all the members of society against the worst evils of poverty." In the opinion of Brougham Villiers, "This anticipation of the natural trend of things was a piece of marvellous insight" to the credit of Fourier. Perhaps so. But recognition of the forces making for "guarantism" is hardly "a piece of insight" with anything marvellous about it in the case of one who writes with experience of the Labour movement that led up to the unappreciated Minimum Wage Act.

"Guarantism" is manifestly akin to the kind of Socialism which is called "revisionist," that is, to the milder sort of Socialism, which Mr. Ramsay MacDonald exemplifies. It is anathema to the full-blooded Socialist nurtured in the pristine doctrine of Marx. He denounces it with paroxysms of wrath and spasms of sorrow, believing that it will establish a contented "wage-slave" class in society, who will lick the hand that feeds them and refuse to bay for the social revolution. Perhaps if Brougham Villiers had merely described his book as an apology for the policy of the Labour Party—or borrowing a worse word than "guarantism"—a defence of Lib-Labism, he would hardly have commanded attention. "Guarantism" has its uses, and it is fair to Mr. F. J. Shaw to say that he has performed the difficult task of making a volume of 293 pages interesting in spite of the reiterated bombastic note and the tedium which is apt to attach to the topics of current politics when they are recapitulated in a book.

Brougham Villiers appears to have arrived at acquiescence in—it might be too much to say approval of—guarantism by a process of exhaustion. Everything else is so bad. Take the feudal system in its later development. "The average squire found his feudal duties a burden, and, though probably as conscientious as most men, tended to become more and more lax in fulfilling them. Without consciously shirking, it was easy, unless sharply reminded, to forget each feudal duty while remembering each feudal right." One may condescend to forgiveness of these landed gentry, but one cannot approve them. Then we must not expect too much from the persons of exceptional gifts—in the political sphere, at least. "People of genius or insight who 'see the end from the beginning,' however useful they may be in inspiring others, will have little influence on contemporary politics." The orthodox Liberalism of the *laissez-faire* period is extinct for all purposes of utility. "With the extension of the franchise to the working men in the towns and in the country, though the Liberal leaders seem not to have expected such a thing, all these ideas became at once hopelessly out of date." But while we recognise that "Liberalism has been driven by hard necessity further and further away from theoretic individualism," we must not assume that Henry George and Mr. Joseph Fels were born to set it right. "The propaganda of the Single Tax is a vigorous survival of old-fashioned Radicalism"—worthy of a favourable glance, but not what is wanted. Tariff Reform is a "cure-all," which must be condemned with bimetallism. In fact, "a return to Protection would be a vast disaster to us." And in this direction Brougham Villiers describes danger. "Declining trades, whatever the real cause of the decline, are apt to listen to the nonsense of the Tariff Reformer, even when 'the foreigner' has nothing whatever to do with the matter, for drowning men catch at straws."

Worse than the Tariff Reformers are the Imperialists. "The most important, menacing, and powerful of these sectional interests are those connected with the Army

and Navy. Four or five per cent. of the total earnings of the British people are spent every year by the War Office and the Admiralty, and, in spite of the protests of common sense and of the friends of peace, the expenditure is rapidly rising." The Little Englander, conscious that he voices the protest of common sense and is the friend of peace—for he would be the last to keep the national house as a strong man armed—must not look with an admiring eye on the administration in which the backsliding Mr. J. M. Robertson now sits as a swashbuckler. In the matter of expenditure on preparation for war, "the present Liberal Government is one of the worst sinners, in spite of its promises before taking office."

There is a lesson to be learned from "the progress of Mr. John Burns from a revolutionary agitator to the Presidency of the Local Government Board." It is that "the man who enters politics will end—a politician." And the principle thus enunciated has a bearing on Syndicalism. "While the Syndicalists have correctly stated the tendency of political Socialism, it by no means follows that they have escaped the same dilemma. On the contrary, they have fled from the frying-pan into the fire." And it is in the fire that Mr. Tom Mann will copy the evolutions of Mr. John Burns. If Syndicalism is impaled on one horn or the other of a dilemma, it is in no worse case than ordinary Socialism, which, badly guided, has fallen into confusion of thought. We learn this from a consideration of the *Clarion* school. "Of all leading Socialists, Mr. Blatchford is the least capable of co-ordinating his ideas, and the least able to avoid glaring contradictions of thought."

It is a dreary political world that opens before our gaze. But is there no ray of warm, bright, and solacing sunshine? Yes. It slants upon us from the Budget of 1909. "Mr. Lloyd George's scheme carries us, as indeed any finance scheme, however drastic, could only do, a very little way on the road of social reconstruction, but it renders the problem much more simple than it was before," and "it formed an excellent framework on which the democracy of the future can build up virtually any system they like. If popular pressure is sufficiently strong and intelligent, there are provisions in it which, gradually extended, may completely reconstruct society, or rather aid it, in so far as national finance can do so, in reconstructing itself."

Due consideration of the train of thought to which this eulogy leads will enable us to discern the position now occupied by Brougham Villiers. "Instead of a 'class-conscious' proletarian movement embracing vast numbers of men and women who definitely aim at overthrowing the Capitalist system, we have a party, numbering hundreds of thousands, having nothing in common but the Guarantist determination to improve the immediate conditions of life. In close alliance with them are the I.L.P. and the Fabians, Socialists who see the end from the beginning. Guarantists, as well as Socialists, they acquire influence because of their Guarantism, and know how to use it because of their



Socialism." Surely if Brougham Villiers became a candidate for admission to Parliament, Mr. Lloyd George would recommend Mr. F. J. Shaw to the constituency on which the light of his countenance shone so warmly when the Chancellor of the Exchequer once urged the claims of Mr. Lansbury, who has since shown such ingratitude about the Insurance Act.

A last glance at Mr. Shaw's volume will show us Brougham Villiers in his most sublime moment. "Mr. Chiozza Money," he writes, "Mr. Chiozza Money, whose services to the democracy I have already gladly acknowledged—" What need to continue the sentence to its end? A Guarantist who can patronise Mr. Chiozza Money in the name of the entire democracy has attained the full fruition of ambition in the sphere of the finite. He may deceive himself by thinking there is more to come. But the rest could only be anti-climax.

### From Sail to Steam

*My Life at Sea.* By COMMANDER W. CAIUS CRUTCHLEY. Illustrated. (Chapman and Hall. 7s. 6d. net.)

THE passing of the sailing ship is a subject which has often been treated with a good deal of sentimentality. That event, as the chief engineer of the *Breslau* was aware, has not altogether meant the destruction of romance at sea; indeed, romance has rather risen a giant refreshed from the transformation. And, beautiful sight as the old sailing ship was, life on board her was apt to be anything but beautiful. Of the brutalities of that life Captain Crutchley had a considerable share. Irons and punitive starvation were matters not outside his experience, and the rope's end was a condiment which seasoned most of his apprentice days. As a result of the tyranny of an all-powerful skipper, he headed a revolt at Adelaide and made off down the coast. Happily this extreme remedy did not interfere much with his prospects—a circumstance which throws a strong light upon the sea life of the age. When the time came for him to say farewell to sail, he said it with regret, although he was fully alive to the march of events. "In the museum of the Royal United Service Institution" he says:—

is to be seen a fully-rigged model of the old *Cornwallis*. Stand by the side of it and try to realise the exquisite skill that was necessary to rig that vessel, and then keep the masts in her through all the experiences that would befall. How, pitching in a head sea, every stay must bear its due proportion of strain, or something would go. Consider the friction and chafe that was constantly taking place with rope rigging, . . . and then, if you know enough to realise what it meant, sneer if you will at the days of stick and string, but forgive those who look back with regret at what was the inevitable eclipse of a notable phase in a very noble calling.

Captain Crutchley rose to be master of one of the finest ships of the Union Steamship Company, for many

years the successful rival of the Castle Line. In a period of retrenchment he exchanged reluctantly into the New Zealand Company, in whose service he for a long time commanded the finest and smartest steamship at that time sailing between London and the New Zealand ports.

Captain Crutchley writes as a man of action. He narrates without fervour; he is bald when he is not cold-blooded. He dwells little on the picturesque, and betrays slight enthusiasm even in alluding to his favourite harbours. He likes to indulge in little side-discussions of points of seamanship, which are too technical to be interesting to the unskilled. It is rather in spite of him than by his aid that one sees the variety and breadth of such a life as his; but the variety and breadth are there, the magnets which continue to draw so many able young men into one of the worst-paid and most laborious professions in the world. Although his life, as the sailor's life goes, has not been an adventurous or remarkable one, Captain Crutchley has known famous people and been a witness of interesting events, in describing or alluding to which he conveys a convincing portrait of himself as a courageous and resourceful man, no kid-glove skipper or sea sentimentalist, nor yet a hard man, but a mariner practical to his finger-tips, and extremely fond of his own way. His book can hardly be called an autobiography, for it tells us nothing of his private life, but it has the interest common to nearly all first-hand narratives, and is written in a vigorous and masculine style.

### The Geography of the Head

*The Brain Book and How to Read It.* By H. C. DONOVAN. (Jarrold and Sons. 6s. net.)

AS the title implies, Mr. Donovan has given his readers an exposition of phrenology in both theory and practice. Utilising the notebooks of his father, the late Dr. Donovan, the author has prepared a series of instructions which should enable the painstaking and interested student to set out on a tour of observation. Methods of manipulation of the human head are exhibited by means of numerous illustrations, but the volume seems to lack completeness, no chart being given by which the geography of the "bumps" may be studied. With this exception, Mr. Donovan has compiled a work which is thoroughly entertaining and instructive, both to the believer and to the agnostic. We do not suggest that we accept all the author's conclusions; in fact, at times, chiefly through enthusiasm for his subject, he indulges in confused thinking. "The proper study of mankind is man" seems to be interpreted by the author (who, by the way, misquotes Pope's line) to refer to the great need for the study of phrenology. Phrenology is not "the science of the mind": except to an individual who has neither the power of self-analysis nor candid friends, phrenology only supplies a sort of *tu quoque*. It may tell us how we differ from each other, but it never tells us why we differ. The practice of phrenology, too, is

one which is open to abuse by the rogue and the charlatan.

Let us illustrate this confusion of thought. While he admits that "friendship is no guarantee of character," Mr. Donovan completely misstates the application of empirical physiognomy—that is, our ability to form opinions of character by facial observations. The ordinary man does not confuse physical beauty and mental beauty. A constituency does not elect an M.P. because of his face, but votes for its owner's party. An infelicitous marriage may be due to the worship of physical beauty or of the Almighty Dollar. If we have to add phrenology and physiognomy to eugenics, where shall we end? Again, the author, quoting Lord Abercrombie on friendship, says that his lordship falls into error through ignorance of phrenology. Who amongst us possesses absolute truth? We write what is in us. Mr. Donovan does not realise the eternal interlocking of cause and effect—the development of the "bump" of independence is *not* the cause of our independence: it *may* be the result thereof. When we have discovered the developed faculties, it is a long step to their satisfactory connection. For instance, Mr. Donovan analyses the character of Nora Helmer from "A Doll's House," and thereby illustrates the pitfalls of his subject. He says that Ibsen portrayed Nora as possessing undeveloped independence until the final act, where she kicks over the traces and renounces home and children. The author therefore concludes that the character is unnatural and impossible. We should rather say the early acts, in which we hear of Nora's cringing ways and forgery, exhibit that independence which "stoops to conquer." Her forgery to save her husband's life thoroughly proves this, and, in addition, shows the possession of secretiveness. Mr. Donovan also confuses electrical energy and electromotive force in one of his analogies.

In spite of these criticisms we must reiterate the interest with which we read this book. The duties of parents, the misdirection of the education of children, the assumption in our educational system that all children are of the same calibre, and the dangers of the Englishman's huge self-esteem, all give us food for thought.

## A Diary in Japan

*Fourteen Years of Diplomatic Life in Japan.* Leaves from the Diary of Baroness Albert d'Anethan. With an Introduction by H. E. BARON KATO. Illustrated. (Stanley Paul and Co. 18s. net.)

THE late Baron Albert d'Anethan represented the Belgian Government at the Court of Tokyo for over sixteen years, and in 1894 was appointed Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary of the King of the Belgians. During most of that time his wife, who is a sister of Sir Rider Haggard, kept a diary. The desire of her husband that she should publish these personal notes has resulted in the volume before us. No attempt has been made to convert the diary into

"a literary production." It is simply a sketchy and unconventional account of her daily doings in Japan, together with a number of very superficial impressions of that country, and cannot, of course, be compared with Mrs. Hugh Fraser's notable book, "A Diplomatist's Wife in Japan." The Baroness does not deal with diplomacy, but is chiefly concerned in describing various social functions, is careful to name the distinguished people she happens to have on either side of her at various dinners, and busies herself in lightly discussing earthquakes, amateur theatricals, funerals, balls, receptions, her sensational but patriotic poetry, and numerous other subjects.

We are naturally diffident in attempting to criticise a lady's diary, but, after fully recognising her unconventional medium, we cannot help feeling regret that the Baroness, who has had so many unique opportunities of studying Japanese life, should have been content to write almost entirely from a pleasure-loving point of view. We should have expected from a fourteen-year-old diary a certain amount of material that should add considerably to our knowledge of Japan; but such is not the case, and more than once the lady's light, sketchy pages have irritated us by their vacuity, vain repetition, and their exasperating number of trivial and utterly useless details. There is no real discernment in this lengthy diary, no sympathetic understanding of the Japanese mind. The temples are quaint, the *No* dance is funny, and Fuji-yama is just a pretty mountain it is necessary to climb after the manner of an American globe-trotter.

On one occasion the Baroness went to the Imperial University, and was informed by Professor Milne that she might expect an earthquake that evening. On her return to the Legation she placed her most valuable Chinese vases and bowls on sofas. "I was quite disappointed," she writes, "and felt somehow as if I had been cheated when no earthquake took place." However, she was not to be permanently disappointed in the way of seismic disturbances, for about two months later she experienced a real Japanese earthquake. "It was certainly most alarming, and all the Japanese ran out of the Legation. E. rushed into our room, and the house shook terribly. A. (the Baron) got up, but, the ruling passion being strong in death, he promptly, but with the greatest *sang-froid*, filled his pyjama pockets with cigarettes, and, quietly lighting a match, he started smoking." *Sang-froid* and cigarettes often go together, but during subsequent earthquakes some of the inmates failed to emulate the Baron's presence of mind. The cook, when the Legation was rocking badly, always made a point of fainting and afterwards enjoying a good fit of hysterics. The Baroness writes:—

I heard that during the big earthquake on the 20th a certain friend of ours was taking a bath. He made a hasty exit into the street, his only adornments being a high silk hat, a walking-stick, and an eye-glass!

The Baroness narrates an amusing conversation of



her old Japanese maid Saku, who, upon being asked why she had divorced her husband, replied:—

"Lady, he very bad man, he like young wife, he no like old wife, he love my adopted daughter, so I say, 'Take her and all her beautiful *kimonos* and *obis* and furniture which I gave wicked girl, take all my money and live with new wife,' but old wife she say, *Sayonara* (good-bye) and she finish with bad husband." "And now you are happy, Saku?" I asked. "Yes, now, I very happy with lady; but oh! my! I bad, bad time before. My husband very bad man, he spend much money on *geisha* girl, but"—this with a sigh of certain regret—"he very handsome gentleman."

Those who have no deep love for Japan, and those who would like to know that on a certain occasion "Princess Kan-in looked sweet, and wore a lovely *eau-de-nil* Liberty satin dress," or that the Empress "was dressed in a fabrication evidently straight from Paris, of lovely mauve *broché* satin, with a *gilet* of pale pink," will find much to interest them in this book. The only pages we have lingered over with real enjoyment are those depicting illustrations from Professor Conder's "The Floral Art of Japan."

## Heralds of the Dawn

*The Heralds of the Dawn.* A Play by WILLIAM WATSON.  
(John Lane. 4s. 6d. net.)

IN all the course of Mr. Watson's books there is no hint that he would ever take to the writing of dramatic work. Indeed, he has, in one of his poems, declared his conception of the poet's task; and it does not accord very well with that intensity and force that one looks for in drama. He has rather avoided that force than sought it; and he has even seemed to make that avoidance into an artistic creed. And he has carried his method into the writing of this play, "The Heralds of the Dawn," with the result that we feel that, whatever else the play may be, it assuredly is not drama.

So little forceful is it that one wonders exactly what the title has to do with the play. The story and name of the prince, Hesperus, seem to indicate that it is he who shall usher in the dawn of the age to be; and there is some deliberate symbolism of a cedar tree, with whose life the life of the king is interwoven, to suggest the passing of the old estate of things. But these are not sufficient of themselves to bear up the responsibility of the title Mr. Watson has chosen. And, indeed, the whole structure of the play is deliberate, with more of the semblance of machinery than the sway of warm life. For example, in the first of the "eight scenes" that constitute the play, when Volmar, the General of Ideonia, who is returning from a brutal victory over an adjacent enemy, has gone into his tent, Abbo of the Woods, one of the vanquished enemy, comes on to the scene. There are none to guard the General; and inasmuch as Abbo declares his intention of killing him,

there seems little reason why he should not do so. But as he "moves forward to cross the stream," "a loose stone slips from under his foot with a loud noise," and he "draws back into the thicket." Why this should be so transpires in Scene 5: for there Abbo again appears, and kills Volmar at the very moment of the king's celebration of his triumph.

In the end, at the trial of Abbo, the prince steps into the function of his defender. There it comes out that Abbo, in some old hunting escapade of the prince, saved his life—a fortunate fact that Hesperus recalls from the haunting familiarity of the man's face. The king will have nothing to do with it; but the prince wins the voice of the people (who a few days before had attempted to lynch Abbo), and so pursues his way in the teeth of the king's intention. Zoraya, a prophetess, bids him:—

Lay down thy Kingship;  
Then shall a King succeed, who hath not yet  
Pledged him to cast out Mercy, but will rather  
Beckon her to an almost equal seat  
Beside great Justice.

Thereupon the king breaks the seal of a ring that he has always worn, full of poison, and so makes an end.

After this tangled life, death seems a thing  
Most excellently simple,

he says; and, in spite of the simple beauty of the lines, one cannot but feel that that particular death is rather too simple a thing from the dramatist's point of view.

Apart from the fact that the play disappoints because it hints but never fulfils the title, it disappoints for a yet deeper reason. For it never gives us that conflict that one looks for in drama. The contention between the king and his son is only an artificial one, because the characters themselves are artificial. Vitality of characterisation is always a deeper matter in drama than the conflict demanded by philosophical thinkers of the theory of art; and for this reason, that it is almost impossible to conceive of a collection of vital characters without an implicit and explicit contention between them. It is therefore this characterisation that one demands of Mr. Watson, in common with all other intending dramatists; and from him one asks it in vain. Hesperus is at best rather an insipid young man, with moral intentions that belong to the stage rather than to warm blood. And his father is not a man at all, but a continued pose. When one turns to Venora, one wonders why she was introduced. She has no dramatic cause of being—unless it be part of a dramatic setting that Hesperus must needs have a betrothed. There is a hinted contrast between Politan and Parnenio, the two politicians: indeed, in themselves, had they been developed, they would almost have been sufficient to give an element of life to the play: but they are not developed, and the contrast remains no more than a hint.

But if "The Heralds of the Dawn" be not drama, it is at least marked by that skill of metrical balance that marks all Mr. Watson's verse. We imagine that he

would probably regard this as the highest praise that could be accorded him. But it is our opinion that the time for this has passed, as the all-sufficiency of poetry. Poetry must find a new artistry. It will not be essentially different, we are firmly convinced, from that which has ruled in the past; but it will not be an obvious artistry. It will not be obvious until its inspiration has had time to find acceptance. That is to say, its technique will derive from its inspiration, forming part of it, and not, as in this play, be a thing apart, by itself, its own all-sufficiency. The result in "The Heralds of Dawn" is indisputable. For we may admire its skill, but we shall not have our imagination or blood stirred by it. Faults and stumblings are to be forgiven where the fire of inspiration burns hot; but perfection and skill are not so easily endured when the fires of inspiration are damped.

### Aboriginals Indeed

*The Mafulu Mountain People.* By R. W. WILLIAMSON. Illustrated. (Macmillan and Co. 14s. net.)

As a rule, there is a certain definite order in which the waves of civilisation advance on savage races; the hunter, or explorer with commercial interests of some sort, comes first, to be followed by the missionary, who in turn is followed by the trader—more often than not a Scotchman. At long last comes the anthropologist, to find the difficulties of his work increased tenfold by the change which has come over the aboriginals through contact with the various types of civilised men. Here, however, Mr. Williamson's only predecessors were the Mission Fathers of the Sacred Heart, and he was able to study a tribe ignorant alike of the decorative effects of empty cartridge cases and the sensations induced by indulgence in trade gin.

Wisely enough, as the author points out, the Mission Fathers have not attempted to induce these naked Mafulu to assume clothing, so colds and pneumonia are at present unknown, and infectious skin diseases make little headway, until short-sighted conventionality in the shape of some missionary of another sect shall start the trouble. A custom that civilisation will probably alter is that of the vengeance taken by a whole clan for injury done to any member of that clan. In this primitive tribe there is little law, and this clan-spirit apparently takes the place of judicial award and punishment. Civilisation, which usually teaches the savage that he lives at the expense of rather than for the benefit of his fellows, will probably destroy this fraternal feeling among the Mafulu when the trader arrives to increase the needs and decrease the means of the tribe.

These, however, are but opinions evoked by the way. After reading Mr. Williamson's volume, we own to being impressed by the quantity of data he has gathered concerning this people, by the immense amount of careful work and study of which his book bears evidence, and by the paucity of his conclusions. He has traced the Mafulu from infancy to the grave, collected details

of primitive industries, arts, customs, feasts and fasts, marriage and burial ceremonies, food, and we had almost added raiment, but, as that has little, if any, existence among the Mafulu, we may add ornament. He has verified his researches by references to the Mission Fathers, to Dr. Seligmann, that pioneer of Melanesian anthropology, and others, and has gathered information of real value in the study of the most interesting of all animals. This information he has set down coldly, and precisely, not yielding to the temptation to warm to his subject and draw conclusions, but limiting himself to facts.

One of his very few conclusions is the possible negrito origin of these Mafulu people. It is no far cry from their home in British New Guinea to the lands peopled by negroid races, and the euphonic similarity in languages—the "babe" for "father," as an instance—lends a fictitious weight to the theory which the author rightly ignores. He advances his view of the tribe's possible origin tentatively—throughout the book he is careful never to exceed actual evidence in his statements. We cannot recommend this work to the sensation-seeking reader of travel records, for it is not a book for the casual reader, but a solid and valuable contribution to anthropological science.

### A Difficult Question

*Rama and Homer: An Argument that in the Indian Epics Homer found the Theme of his Two Great Poems.* By ARTHUR LILLIE. Illustrated. (Kegan Paul and Co. 5s. net.)

THIS little book cannot be recommended: it is more confusing than illuminating, it carries no conviction, and it will repel possible students of Indian and Greek mythology. The author served in the Lucknow Regiment for some time, as he mentions the dramatic festivals which took place "once a year in the barrack square of my old Bengal regiment." His death, before the publication of his book, must mitigate criticism on his production, but it is impossible to overlook the carelessness of the posthumous editor who passed proofs containing such mistakes as Bumouf for Burnouf, Canbal for Caubul, Long for Lang, Trimulus for Tumulus, *bhagala* (paddy-bird) for *bagula*, and the Greek word *hyperoön* (which means an upper room), as if it were a "super-egg" from which Helen was born. The very title of the book, "Rama and Homer," is anomalous; it puts in juxtaposition the hero of one epic and the author of another: it would be equally absurd to write on "Akbar and Shakespeare," or "Columbus and Dante." It should, of course, have been called: "Valmiki and Homer." The "soldier-author" shows himself in various passages, and there is no harm in the use of military language if the facts are correct.

The main object of the work is said to be "an argument that in the Indian epics (the Mahabharata and the Ramayana) Homer found the theme of his two great poems. It may be said at once that the argument fails to satisfy, because the dates of the Indian and Greek



epics respectively can only be stated approximately, and because the connection between the Indian and the Greek cannot be established. The statement that there are certain resemblances between the Indian and Greek epics does not prove the argument. The author had "a strong presumption that Homer must have seen the Ramayana of Valmiki": a Greek writer, on the other hand, believed that Homer had actually been translated into the language of India. Burnouf regarded the Greek epics as not original but derived from the banks of the Ganges. Monier Williams saw most obvious features of similarity or difference between the Indian and Greek epics, but his conclusion was that the Ramayana and the Iliad are quite independent of each other. (The Ramayana is generally regarded as the Indian Odyssey.) The author contests Max Muller's theories, those of Professor Jacobi, and Professor Webb's contention that the Ramayana first appeared as a Buddhist parable in 400 A.D., and that the Homeric incidents were subsequently added. He disputes "the theory of Oxford professors that the Homeric poems and the Eleusinian mysteries are immensely older than Sankhya philosophy," and he considers that "other parts of Professor Jebb's analysis seem to fade away." Where it is a question of authority it is hardly necessary, perhaps, to say that the illustrious scholars just mentioned are more likely to be trustworthy guides than the late Mr. Arthur Lillie. *Ne sutor ultra crepidam*. The whole subject is not particularly inviting, and the only verdict that can be given on the author's case must be "not proven." Some of his later chapters on "Animal Worship" and "A Pregnant Discovery" appear to be irrelevant to the argument. The editor would have done better to have consigned his friend's manuscript to—oblivion.

### Modern Problems

*Psychology and Crime*. By THOMAS HOLMES. (J. M. Dent and Sons. 1s. net.)

"It had been better for this man had he never been born." To most of the subjects of Mr. Holmes' book this text would surely apply; but as they are in the world, and a notable part thereof, the question is how best to prevent their being both a menace and an expense to the community at large.

We do not think it matters very much whether there is or is not a distinct criminal class. The fact remains that a large proportion of those who should take their share in working for the well-being of themselves and their country turn their efforts in the other direction. Criminals, as a whole, may be divided into two classes—accidental and intentional. With the former every practical sympathy should be shown, both by condoning their offences by the use of the Probation Act, which has proved of great service, especially amongst young offenders, or, in the event of their being sent to prison, by helping them on their discharge to start again. Much good work is done in this direction by the various discharged prisoners' aid societies, although their efforts

and help are sometimes abused. The intentional or professional criminal should be kept under lock and key as much as possible, and made to work to a profitable end. Short sentences are worse than useless for this class.

Imprisonment for non-payment of a fine should also be eliminated as much as possible. To send a man or woman to prison for not paying a fine of, say, 5s., which he or she does not at the moment possess, is making a criminal at a very great present expense and trouble to the State, let alone the future. They should always be given time to pay.

Mr. Holmes makes a great point of persons being treated as criminals who are epileptic, kleptomaniacs, etc., but his suggestion of a classification prison, or rather home, to which sentenced persons of these and other classes should be sent in the first instance, would be very expensive to carry into practice and to maintain. It might be possible to certify epileptics as such on their first imprisonment, and to do with them as such thereafter. The cases where hardship is wrought are not so numerous as one might imagine; some of them might easily be prevented, at all events in the upper classes, by greater care being taken by those cognisant of the weakness. The State has much to do already, and financial burdens on taxpayers are daily increasing, so that every side of the question must be considered.

In any case, Mr. Holmes has added to the knowledge of a subject which is becoming more interesting on every ground, and his opportunities have given him the right to speak with an authority which many writers of similar literature have not possessed. He has for twenty-five years been at work on the subject, and as secretary of the Howard Association has had unusual facilities for investigation.

### War and the Law

*War and the Private Citizen: Studies in International Law*. By A. PEARCE HIGGINS, M.A., LL.D. With an Introductory Note by the Right Honourable ARTHUR COHEN, K.C. (P. S. King and Son. 5s. net.)

THE writer of the introductory note to these studies pays a striking tribute to the ability and impartiality of their author, and a perusal of this small volume alone should enable one not acquainted with the author's other contributions to the study of international law to appreciate the fact that such tribute is well earned. That war is still possible—nay, probable—between civilised States is an unfortunate truth rightly insisted upon in the opening pages. The author then proceeds to explain the manner in which private citizens are affected by war and the laws of war, and thereafter deals with the vexed problems of hospital ships, naval war-correspondents, the conversion of merchant vessels into ships of war, and the question of neutrals and closed trade. In the chapter intitled "The Laws of War" we are shown the fallacy of the popular saying, "All's fair in love and war."

With regard to the question discussed in Section III of the same chapter, readers of General Sir F. Maurice's "Hostilities without Declaration of War" will remember that in a period of 171 years—namely, from 1700 to 1870—107 wars were "commenced by the subjects of European Powers or of the United States against other Powers without declaration of war." The commencement of the Russo-Japanese War, therefore, did not present any startling innovation. We fully agree with the author when he laments that, by reason of the fact that no European Power, with the exception of Great Britain and Austria, signed the declaration agreed to at the Hague Conference in 1907, prohibiting the discharge of projectiles and explosives from balloons and airships, an opportunity was lost of "making a beginning in the limitation of military budgets." We also notice with approval the sarcastic allusion to "the objection by fashionable watering-places that military manœuvres interfere with summer visitors."

In the chapter upon hospital ships is discussed the problem: "Does a hospital ship lose her immunities if she is used for the carriage of crews and passengers in good health, taken from enemy or neutral ships destroyed by a belligerent?" And in the next chapter the author deals with the highly difficult and interesting question of what restrictions should be placed upon naval war-correspondents in time of war by sea. In the concluding chapter upon neutrals and closed trade Dr. Higgins arrives at the conclusion, which appears to be the only reasonable one, that the rule of 1756, the gist of which was that the intervention of a neutral for the commercial benefit of a belligerent was as inconsistent with neutrality as it would be to help him with men or arms, should be adopted as a generally accepted international legal doctrine.

## Shorter Reviews

*La Chronique de l'An 1911, qui contient le Récit des Négociations officielles et des Négociations secrètes à propos du Maroc et du Congo.* By MERMEIX. (Bernard Grasset, Paris. 3 fr. 50 c.)

THE publishers assure us on the fly-leaf that, if this "Chronique" meets with any success, it will become an annual institution. We should be disposed to prognosticate a very complete success for a really sensational, and apparently authoritative, account of the Morocco negotiations. What is at first sight rather baffling is the assumption that every year will bring forth some incident of the same calibre as the "coup d'Agadir." M. Mermeix does not neglect the other events, but Morocco monopolises nearly three-quarters of the present volume. There is a good deal to be said for the method, provided that the superlative event of the year is always as obvious as it was in 1911.

M. Mermeix gives us all the sensations that we are entitled to expect from a book of Secret History. He

makes out a very good case for the policy that was not adopted at Agadir—the sending of a French ship to counter the German move. He gives us to understand that Brazza, the founder of the French Congo, regarded his conquest as a mere hostage for the eventual annexation of Morocco. The German Foreign Secretary is represented as having been very sensitive about the frequent recurrence in French newspapers of the word "marchandage," as applied to the summer negotiations. We are given the text of the famous telegram that added a domestic brawl to the diplomatic troubles of the French: "On désire que ces propositions ne soient pas communiquées à M. Cambon." The French Ambassador is credited with a very good retort to Herr von Kiderlen-Waechter. The German statesman had remarked:—

"Eh bien! mon cher ambassadeur, ou a donc, de Paris, appelé à l'aide le grand frère anglais."

M. Cambon's reply was:—

"C'est ce que, mon cher ministre, vous faites depuis trente ans que vous appelez au secours contre nous vos deux petites sœurs."

We must indicate one grave defect in this narrative. There is no allusion to the meteorological conditions. The Franco-German *détente* of 1911 can only be properly understood by continual reference to the thermometric and barometric charts of that year.

*Sunshine Sketches of a Little Town.* By STEPHEN LEACOCK (John Lane. 3s. 6d. net.)

As Mr. Charles Lee's "Our Little Town" appealed to all Cornishmen so Professor Leacock's "Sunshine Sketches of a Little Town" must be hailed with great delight by all Canadians; and the charm of both books is such that as the popularity of "Our Little Town" extended far beyond the duchy about which it was immediately concerned so "Sunshine Sketches of a Little Town" will surely reach a public far away from the little hamlet on the banks of Lake Wissanotti. Mariposa—the town referred to—

is not a real town. On the contrary, it is about seventy or eighty of them. You may find them all the way from Lake Superior to the Sea, with the same square streets and the same maple trees and the same churches and hotels, and everywhere the sunshine of the land of hope. Similarly, the Reverend Mr. Drone is not one person, but about eight or ten. To make him I clapped the gaiters of one ecclesiastic round the legs of another, added the sermons of a third and the character of a fourth. . . . As for Mr. Smith, with his two hundred and eighty pounds, his hoarse voice, his loud check suit, his diamonds, the roughness of his address and the goodness of his heart—all of this is known by everybody to be a necessary and universal adjunct of the hotel business.

These are by no means the only persons dealt with in the book. There is Jefferson Thorpe, the speculative barber, whose savings were all lost in "Cuban Reno-



vated"; the passengers on board the "Mariposa Belle"—a rickety excursion steamer, periodically given to sinking on the reeds and mud as far as the lower deck, unless the cracks between the timbers had had their weekly attention and been filled up with cotton waste; the lifeboat crew who come to the rescue, but whose boat lets water at every seam until it is only by pulling their hardest that they manage to reach the distressed vessel and be hauled aboard just before their own leaky boat sinks under them. These and many other characters help to form one of the best and most enjoyable series of sketches that we have read for some time. In his introduction Professor Leacock tells us that the writing of them is "an arduous contrivance." If this be so there is no hint of them being laboured; they are all bright and sparkling, and bristle with wit and humour. Occasionally there is a slight leaning towards the pathetic, but our author does not pursue that phase and at once glides off again into the realms of laughter. He thoroughly understands the people about whom he writes and he has the story-teller's art; hence in "Sunshine Sketches of a Little Town" we have a book both interesting and entertaining.

*With Dante in Modern Florence.* By MARY E. LACY. Illustrated. (John Murray. 6s. net.)

MISS LACY has rendered a great service to lovers of Dante by the publication of this excellent volume, and it will take a prominent place among the copious literature devoted to this inexhaustible subject. She has succeeded in revealing the Florence of six centuries ago. Not only do we see the City of Flowers when the poet walked through her streets, but the writer has very cleverly and very suggestively given us an account of Dante's life and work. Miss Lacy writes: "The object of this little book is to help the reader to reconstruct as far as may be the Florence of Dante, and to gather together whatever is still left in the city that will serve to throw light either on the 'Divina Commedia' or on the history of the author." Manuscripts relating to Dante and his work are unfortunately scattered all over Florence, and Miss Lacy suggests that these treasures might with advantage be housed in the Casa di Dante, and so form "a regular museum." Much has been written against Gemma, Dante's wife, and no doubt some of the adverse criticism is well deserved. She may not have been a lovable woman, but she was, nevertheless, fully aware of her husband's genius, and it was due to her forethought that she was able to preserve the first seven cantos of the "Divine Comedy." When Dante received the precious manuscript, he exclaimed: "The restoration of my greatest work and the return of my honour for many centuries."

We are never tired of reading about Dante's love of Beatrice, for it is without a doubt the greatest love story in the world. Other women have influenced great poets in their work, have been the cause of

masterpieces inspired by human love; but Beatrice stands side by side with the Madonna, a radiant being who quickened Dante's love into the divinely sublime. If the cynic is right when he says that marriage leads to disillusionment, then we are glad that Dante never married Beatrice, for had he wedded that crimson-robed maiden we should never have had the "Divina Commedia." His exquisite love stands out in sharp contrast against that dark background of unbridled passion depicted by Boccaccio. The death of Beatrice was the end of youthful romance, but it unlocked a sacred door; it revealed the great Vision. Miss Lacy writes: "The devotion he had felt on earth was about to be transfigured and spiritualised on the other side of the veil, and the same gracious figure that had saluted him in Florence would then come to meet him serene and radiant amid the glories of the Triumph of the Church, with those divine words on her lips: 'I, even I, am Beatrice.'"

*Geschichte der Freien Stadt Frankfurt, A.M. (Vol. II—1814-1866).* By RICHARD SCHWEMER. (Joseph Baer, Frankfurt. 12 m.)

THIS is the second instalment of a monumental work. A period of less than twenty years forms the subject of the 720 pages, but we are not in the least disposed to accuse the author of prolixity. It is an official work, being published under the auspices of the Frankfurt Historical Commission; but, except in the matter of diplomatic history, which is dealt with in rather over-conscientious fashion, it bears the impress of the scholarly historian rather than that of the able archivist. The period is an inspiring one; ideals were alive, and held up their heads unashamed. The ideal that the free city of Frankfurt represented belongs to history rather than to actuality, but it was a noble ideal, and was nobly voiced—by the artist-statesman Thomas, for instance. The conception beloved by the old-fashioned Frankforter was that of the City-State, not very far removed in form from the politics of classical Greece and mediæval Italy. This conception was in less than half-sympathy with German nationalism, and in sharp opposition to the imperial survivals of Austria and the imperial aspirations of Prussia. The latter called forth the strongest protest, and the struggle with the Zollverein is the salient event of the period.

Frankfort must at times have appeared to German eyes as very near to a traitor, especially by her attempts to enter into a commercial alliance with England. But the Free City was old, and Germany was scarcely born. Frankfort, not Austria, was the true opponent of the German Empire. A problematical common gain must have seemed to the most prosperous city in the land an indifferent substitute for her undoubted individual success. The new times were uncertain: "Europa leidet an unheilbarer Altersschwäche," was the theory of one of the great traditionalists. But the new times had taken hold within the walls of Frankfort—the

societies, the newspapers, the riots, the changed position of the Jews are evidences—and it is really to the swan-song of the old Free City that Herr Schwemer bids us listen.

*Philippe II, Roi d'Espagne: Etude sur sa Vie et son Caractère.* By CHARLES BRATLI. With a Preface by COMTE BAGUENAUT DE PUCHESSE. (Honoré Champion, Paris. 7 fr. 50 c.)

IN one aspect this is merely the introduction to a complete history of Philip II and his times, which it may be hoped that M. Bratli will one day set himself to achieve. The store of material, notes, bibliography, and so forth, that furnish the appendices of the present work, supports almost too easily the 120 pages of critical history that constitute the main body of the volume. From another point of view it is a good essay in rehabilitation, which is one of the historical manifestations of our modern levelling tendencies. So many of the verdicts of history have recently been reversed that it is unsafe to despair of anyone. The severity or *mauvaise foi* of the first judges is one of the best weapons in the hands of the defence; it is thus that Richard III, Tiberius, and Catilius have had a new lease of reputation. Philip II has suffered severely at the hands of the historians—particularly the Protestant historians, who always command the majority—and, though he has received some reparation in the recent works of Colonel Martin Hume, there are still many pleas to be urged in his favour. M. Bratli is a very fair and effective advocate; he has striven to see the history of Europe exclusively through the eyes of the Catholic king. He has laid many malignant slanders to rest, and has an explanation even for the difficult matter of the death of Don Carlos. He shows that Philip was actuated by no blind religiosity, but was as severe for the unworthy representatives of orthodoxy as for the heretics themselves, besides being free of all extraneous superstition. He was a magnificent administrator, if rather too ubiquitous, and he was devoid of personal cruelty. His merits as a patron of art are unquestionable, but, in view of many historical parallels, we think they should not receive too much consideration in the balance-sheet of his reign.

## Fiction

### Treasure Hunting

*The Big Fish.* By H. B. MARRIOTT WATSON. (Methuen and Co. 6s.)

*The Web of the Golden Spider.* By FREDERICK ORIN BARTLETT. Illustrated. (Frank Palmer. 6s.)

*Marooned in the South Seas: A Tale of Adventure for Boys and Others.* By F. L. LANGDALE. Illustrated. (Murray and Evenden. 2s. 6d. net.)

THE search for buried treasure has always been a favourite theme with writers of adventure stories, and the three books before us show that the subject is still as popular as ever with such authors and their readers.

In "The Big Fish," Mr. H. B. Marriott Watson takes us to the mountains of Peru in search of the buried treasure of the Incas. There are several parties after it, and their adventures are exciting enough, though need occasionally the proverbial grain of salt to aid in their digestion by the hypercritical. Yet, so long as there is a fair amount of verisimilitude in narratives of this description, we should fain be satisfied; and it may at once be admitted that Mr. Watson's volume makes exciting reading.

When the oppressed Incas were flying from the Spaniards they took with them all their possessions, including the royal treasure reputed to be of untold value. Finding themselves hard pressed, they buried a part of this treasure in the mountains, and tradition gave it the name of "The Little Fish"; but the great bulk of their wealth they carried farther afield, and succeeded in hiding it before they were scattered to the winds. "The Little Fish" was discovered some time in the eighteenth century, and made the finders millionaires; but the far greater treasure, "The Big Fish," was still safely hidden when Mr. Watson sent his several expeditions after it. Whether it was ever discovered is for our readers to find out for themselves by reading from start to finish this record of stirring adventure.

The story is told by John Poindexter, who is one of the seekers; and he tells it very well, were it not that he has a constant habit of saying or doing something or other "dryly." Such expressions as "I said dryly," "I added dryly," "I answered dryly," "I asked dryly," occur so frequently that they grate upon one's nerves; and to add to the torment there is a "cleft stick" in which one of the seekers after another is more than once being metaphorically held. But when one of Mr. Watson's villains "shook his head with his smile" (p. 26), we jumped at the chance of getting a bit of our own back, and promptly shook our smile with our head, which seems an easier and more natural thing to do.

Mr. Bartlett's story bears some resemblance to Mr. Watson's, inasmuch as his hidden treasure is also buried in the mountains of South America, and the volume teems with adventures as extraordinary, not to say improbable. The objective of this particular expedition is Guadiva, a small lake located in the extinct volcanic cone of Mt. Veneza, beyond the upper Cordilleras, which, according to tradition, is the hiding-place of a supposed vast treasure concealed by the Chibcas that it might escape the greedy hands of Quesada, one of the Spanish *conquistadors*. He unsuccessfully sought to drain the lake, and after him Raleigh, Drake, and Leigh also failed in their quest of the Sun God's treasure, valued at quite half a billion dollars in gold and precious stones scattered about his altar beneath the waters. David Wilson and Jonathan Stubbs were more fortunate, and after thrilling experiences secured a goodly portion of the hoard; the remainder now lies buried under a fallen mountain, awaiting other adventurous spirits with the lust of gold upon them.

The author is thoroughly up-to-date in his story, which opens with a crystal-gazer, not a professional



one, in Boston, Mass., "the hub of the solar system," whence naturally anything connected with the Sun God should emanate; and before we are taken to the mysterious lake, which does not really hold the treasure, it having been removed elsewhere centuries ago, we are made to witness a miniature South American revolution. How the treasure is ultimately discovered is an exciting piece of reading, and the description of it and the way the major portion is lost is graphically told, and shows that Mr. Bartlett has the gift of imagination. He is also, apparently, a firm believer in the efficacy of brandy; for there are many cracked skulls in the course of the story, but each victim invariably comes round immediately "after a good swig" of the fiery spirit. The events taking place under the auspices of the Monroe Doctrine, such Yankeeisms as "She threw off her dripping waist" and "You needn't feel obliged to 'fess up to me" are, we suppose, allowable. The illustrations are good, though the one facing page 46 does not agree with the frontispiece as it should do, the girl's costume being quite different.

"Marooned in the South Seas" takes us to a different part of the world, though not so very far off either, the scene being laid in the tropical regions of the South Pacific, about the middle of the eighteenth century. It introduces us to a mutiny on board a merchantman, to piratical craft, with a blood-curdling description of the walking of the plank, to buried treasure on an uninhabited island, to South Sea cannibals and their ways of cooking "long pig," and many other matters too numerous to mention. It is an instructive book also, and will prove acceptable reading to lads of an inquiring mind. The illustrations will make the volume more attractive, and atone in part, we hope, for the unusual number of printer's errors which disfigure the text. In these three works the love element is not wanting; there are charming girls in each, who will help their lovers to forget the horrors they have passed through.

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*The Courts of the Angels.* By JUSTUS M. FORMAN.  
(Ward, Lock and Co. 6s.)

MR. FORMAN hardly does himself justice in his latest tale of artistic life in Paris. An irritating feature of the book, which is almost unpardonable in a writer of the author's experience, is the constant repetition of French phrases, or rather phrases in French, which would just as easily have been rendered in English. Surely the "Merry month of May" from English lips sounds better than "le joli moi de mai," nor is there a claim to any thing idiomatic in the French rendering of "it is not so bad as all that." We are quite willing to take Mr. Forman's knowledge of French for granted, but when he writes a book in English he would do well to keep to English, unless compelled to fall back upon French for an expression for which there is no exact equivalent in his native tongue. Saint-Cère, the copyist of Morma Lisa, is a splendid character, just a little perhaps overdrawn. Even his absorbing passion for Anina Radonur, who turns out to be a very great personage,

is curbed by an almost superhuman sense of duty. After that we are not surprised to meet a rich American lady with Bohemian tendencies, who assumes poverty to secure her Andy, the teller of the tale, though he, too, nearly throws away their mutual happiness because of the superfluity of dollars. We are asked to believe that upon Anina coming to her own, her turbulent countrymen are content to allow at least three aliens to assume the leading posts in her government, but while probably Moravia is a law unto herself among the Balkan States, the British Foreign Office is not in the habit of giving official recognition to their own countrymen who may wish to represent foreign Powers at St. James'.

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*The Temple of Dreams.* By PAUL BO'LD. (W. J. Ham-Smith. 6s.)

TO adopt a slightly vulgar but exceedingly expressive phrase, this story is a little too thin. An English archæologist, visiting Peru, stumbles on the last living representatives of an ancient royal race, these two being an old man and his inevitable daughter. Of course, the archæologist marries the daughter, for they always do that; before this comes to pass, though, the old man puts his future son-in-law to sleep, and makes him dream of the fall of the ancient civilisation, which occurred at a point contemporary with the beginning of the Christian era. The king of that period tries to alter his court and country to Christian principles, and suffers Christ's fate even to crucifixion during an earthquake. Then the archæologist wakes up, and we are treated to the rather worn and ancient trick of reincarnated affinities.

The author has the gift of accomplishing sound and realistic descriptive work, and, from the way in which he has handled these unconvincing characters, could tell a good story if his heart were in his work. It is to be hoped that, if he ventures again into a publisher's fiction list, he will drop these threadbare trappings which mar his work, get down to realities, and give us a sound story. He has the capacity for this, though in this very unsubstantial "temple of dreams" he has done his best to subdue his capacity and dress up the oldest and greatest story of the Christian era in unfamiliar and belittling attire.

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*Mightier than the Sword.* By ALPHONSE COURLANDER.  
(T. Fisher Unwin. 6s.)

FLEET STREET, that land of mystery to the ordinary man, has figured in many novels, and the endeavour to import a species of romance into the clanging of the insatiable machines and the hard routine of the offices has not always been successful. It succeeded in "The Street of Adventure" admirably; it succeeds to a less extent in the book before us. The story of young Humphrey Quain, of his apprenticeship to the business of reporting on a country newspaper, and of his progress under the mixed influences of *The Day*, the great London daily which absorbed his life and

finally sent him to his death, is well told and rings true. His two love affairs form a less satisfactory feature of the book; we hardly feel convinced by the placid and rather nerveless Elizabeth Carr, and the little typist to whom Humphrey gave his devotion when he was scarcely emerging from the stage of calf-love, although more real to the reader, would surely have fallen short of the ideal long before any question of marriage had arisen. With these reservations, "Mightier than the Sword" is a capital novel; it conveys to perfection the charm and the dread of work in the heart of newspaper-land, and the company of reporters, as we well know, are quite representative and not overdrawn.

### Mr. Frohman's Triple Bill

THE commissioning of Sir Arthur Pinero, Mr. Barrie, and Mr. Shaw to write a one-act play each for presentation in a triple bill is a well-calculated proceeding on the part of Mr. Frohman. In the light of the latter's short-lived Repertory Theatre it is of particular interest to the general public. There is humour, too, in this cautious reassumption of the rôle of pioneer after a well marked period of reflection.

Mr. Frohman's Repertory Theatre was an undeserved disappointment. The modern school betrayed their practical promoter by making no attempt to wean the public: they merely offered it food which it could not assimilate, as though contemptuously resolved on proving the impossibility of making the new drama a commercial success. It was the established favourites who had to come to the rescue—Sir Arthur Pinero with a revival of an old success, and Mr. Barrie with the only new piece that gained the public favour: "The Twelve Pound Look." Mr. Shaw, the Jessop of the drama, failed to score. Since then there have been several events tending to lead up to this last departure. A public taste for vaudeville seems suddenly to have been created. "The Twelve Pound Look" itself has had a remarkable triumph on the music halls, which have gained their right to make unrestricted theatrical productions. Notable actors have taken to appearing at variety houses in one-act pieces. The Palace has had "The Man Who Was," with Sir Herbert Tree in the title rôle, and Mr. Shaw's "How He Lied to Her Husband" running at the same time. In fact, the commercial value of the one-act play has been definitely established. Mr. Shaw, it should be noted, has not only had "How He Lied to Her Husband" produced successfully at a variety theatre, and written "The Showing Up of Blanco Posnet"—the censored one-act play which is, perhaps, his most truly dramatic composition; he has also had a successful revival of "Man and Superman"; while "Fanny's First Play," the most

brilliantly popular of all his plays—acknowledged or unacknowledged—has exceeded its five hundredth performance in town, and is to be produced in America. Mr. Frohman will naturally have noted this recovery from purely propagandist dialogue: in "The Mind-the-Paint Girl" he will have rejoiced over Sir Arthur Pinero's abnegation of the vice of "unhappy endings" as exemplified in "Mid-Channel." He realises the necessity of competing with the variety theatres in the production of one-act plays, and "on present form" he feels reasonably certain that the Pinero-Barrie-Shaw trio is the best and safest at his command. He can await the completion of the plays with an easy mind, if he has extracted guarantees from Sir Arthur Pinero and Mr. Shaw: from the former, that he will present the lighter side of society; and from the latter that he will bear in mind that the play, and not the platform, is pre-eminently the thing. From Mr. Barrie no guarantees will be required.

Undoubtedly, then, these three dramatists were the best to choose for what is almost a new departure. They are at present the "names" which will draw the public. But what is the dramatic significance of their association? Chiefly it is that each of these men represents a popular taste, and that they stand for three styles of drama all of which are on a commercial footing at the same time.

It is the thing to say nowadays that Mr. Shaw is a back number: that, to use Ibsen's famous figure, he is no longer fighting at the outposts: the Granville Barkers and the Galsworthys have left him in the rear. Mr. Shaw may well smile; for it would seem that this stigma has been put upon him in consequence of his money-making proclivities. If you are not a commercial success, you dub yourself, in the dramatic world, a fighter at the outposts. Success is so unlooked for, that if it comes your fellow-fighters thrust you back. It does not occur to them that the fight may be won, without compromise, as Mr. Shaw has won it. He has abundantly proved that nowadays in our flagrantly inartistic metropolis the "intellectual" style of drama, as he provides it, can hold its own amid the fierce competition of all those other brands which the new school loathes. That is the great fact. Mr. Frohman is employing Mr. Shaw as he would employ Haines Bailey or Mr. Basil Hood. He may well be asking, What musical comedy, taking the comparative costs of production into account, can achieve a success like that of "Fanny's First Play"?

The selection of Sir Arthur Pinero is chiefly interesting as denoting the continued power of the established compromise. He has been the sheet-anchor of the commercial manager, when the latter has tried to justify himself to the moderns. Did they want problems of life discussed? Pinero could do it in a popular manner. Did they want the merely middle classes to have a place on the stage? Look, if you please, at Pinero's bourgeoisie. Did they, above all, demand a higher stage-craft, a stricter technique, a finer art? Pinero was the very man for all that sort of thing. And so



indeed he seemed. There is a very plausible pitch of greatness about his later work, and in particular about his stage-craft and characterisation. For some time he was always a good and sufficient answer. But latterly he has been strongly attacked in his supposedly strongest qualities. "Machine-made" has been the cry against characterisation and stage-craft alike. He has the same series of moulds (one of them is formed in the likeness of Sir George Alexander) for the characters in almost all his plays; and he controls them with a sort of Chinese-puzzle cleverness. To furnish that necessary information which is the bane of a dramatist at the beginning of a play, he pitches on the ingenious idea of having family details furnished in a reporter's interview at the outset of "His House in Order." In "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray" he casually removes a host from the dining-room, sending him to write some letters for the benefit of the audience and his guests, in order that his presence may not embarrass the latter in their conversation. Nevertheless, he remains, in the upward march of the drama from the depths of Victorianism, the solid vanguard which alone has made the advance possible. It is in this compromise of the vanguard position that he will serve Mr. Frohman.

Mr. Barrie's capacity is peculiar and enviable. He may be said to represent the large heterogeneous collection of dramatists who are mainly concerned in putting good stories into good plays, without greatly troubling what school they represent. Mr. Barrie only belongs to the great school of romance. In the midst of all the rage for dissection and classification, it is strange how he is left alone. He is such a tower of strength to the managers that it would seem inevitable that he must be attacked, like other leading figures. There was a certain amount of adverse professional criticism of "What Every Woman Knows"; but this seemed largely due to the fact that Mr. Barrie's popularity being on a steady rise the play was received by the public with a rapture out of all proportion to its deserts. It is the spirit of Mr. Barrie that protects him. He is an elf, he is his own Peter Pan, he is our national vendor of simple, whimsical sentiment. Who is to attack him? He has everybody on his side, as though by the most far-sighted policy. Who thinks of dissecting for criticism the stage-craft of "Peter Pan"? A critic recently complained in his notice of a play that the author had done something that no one but Mr. Barrie could be allowed to do, something that belonged to Mr. Barrie's province and to no one else's!

Such are the three types of dramatists that Mr. Frohman is wisely bringing into association. If they each bring their public with them, the triple bill should be assured of a long run, and may encourage other managers to exploit the possibilities of the one-act play. But whatever the result, the three promised plays will afford a most interesting comparison among themselves, and should be eagerly expected, if for this reason alone.

WILFRID BLAIR.

## Music

AMONG the many Samaritans who offer their help to perplexed travellers along the paths of pleasure there are not a few whose beneficent mission it is to tell us how we may best enjoy the Beautiful. One points out what we should look for in a picture, and it way well be that when we have read his book, and are herded in front of M. Matine's last painting, our conscious pride in being able to connect such delightful new words as *impacto*, *bravura*, and *desinvoltura* with the masterpiece does enable us to feel that we can admire it properly. Another takes us to Queen's Hall, and teaches how to listen to orchestral pieces, and how to criticise the players. Here, again, the knowledge that we can at any rate tell a hautboy from a bass-tuba when we see them, even if we cannot certainly tell which is making what noise, will sustain us through a longer concert than those we could formerly endure. Just as our infant intelligence was developed by such a classic as "Reading without Tears," so may our maturer minds be guided by "The National Gallery without Tears" or "Classical Concerts with a Smile."

But in the case of Music, at all events, there are a vast number of collateral considerations to be taken into account when we probe the secrets of enjoyment. We have, unfortunately, never met with the primer we long for which shall adequately discuss the circumstances under which players should play and listeners listen; the frame of mind and the condition of body which they should seek to possess when about to kneel before the Muse of Melody, the dangers which may be incurred if we present ourselves at the wrong time or place to hear players who cannot be, or who ought not to be, at that special moment, in the vein for exercising their art. Such a handbook would, of course, be of an "advanced" kind, a fourth or fifth "part," like the section which dealt with words of six syllables, that was so difficult to master without tears. But it would be invaluable to serious persons like ourselves, who have passed the hautboy and bass-tuba stage and long to continue in the right way. Lately we have been obliged to listen to a good deal of orchestral music, and we shall have a good deal more to hear. It is a mournful fact that we are not enjoying it at all as we would wish to; and if a little booklet could be put into our hands to tell us the why and the wherefore, and the way to amendment, we should bless the author indeed. We are residing, for our body's sake, at a foreign watering-place—let us call it Magenbad. At half-past six, every morning, we proceed, in drenching rain, and under a temperature suitable for December, to spend an hour sipping the healing water, while a large band discourses the strangest variety of music. The violinists' fingers must certainly be frozen; we can see that the wind-players' lips are blue with cold. Can their hearts be warm? Can they be conscious of that vital spark, radiant in their bosoms, which we know must exist

there if they are to communicate to us anything of the spirit of delight in music which animates them?

Most of them play with tall silk hats on their heads. Must not such a covering act as an extinguisher to the flame of musical impulse? All of them have unshorn chins, and surely the consciousness that they have come into the presence of their God, not having performed the simple abstergent act without which they would not dare to appear before the cheapest of cheap earthly dignitaries—must not this consciousness humiliate them, indispose them for the free, unfettered manifesting of their homage? They always begin with one of the solemn old chorales, and that is the one moment when their music does transport us as it should, does lift us above the horrid scenes in which we and thousands of other drinkers are playing our hideous part. We see not the company, we feel not the cold, we regret not our warm bed, as the noble tune of "O Gotteslamb" or "Pange lingua" rises in the rain. But then they play a polka, and after that a march, and then—oh, how can we write it?—they attack a movement from a symphony of Brahms, finishing up with a "Potpourri" on Wagner or Chopin. Ought it to be expected of a band, at such an hour of a morning too, that it can be versatile enough in spirit to throw itself with the proper impetus into so tremendous a variety of moods? We are disappointed with this band, yet are we in that country of Europe which we have hitherto held to be unequalled in the excellence of its bands which play for purposes of pleasure. We recall the delicious music made by bands in some garden at Prague or Vienna—nay, in more stolid Berlin—and know that our Magensbad band is not giving us nearly so much enjoyment as they did.

We would fain criticise it fairly, appraise its merits justly, but in the absence of any guide-book to the Canons of Criticism we confess ourselves at a loss. Oh, grave, unshorn musicians, attenuated some of ye, morbidly obese others, who must tune your lyres and thrum them unceasingly for six hours every day in such weather as this, let us not be hard upon ye! Do your souls perhaps detest the task that the need of bread forces ye to undertake? Haply it is not your fault that ye cannot charm us except when the chorale is raised. Let us seek if the reason of our utter disinclination to listen to your music be not in us, in the circumstances under which we attend your daily concerts. Some instinct whispers that the judicious guide already spoken of would lay it down that music (though, no doubt, it should be as meat and drink—yea, as manna—to the hungry soul) had better not be listened to when one is damp, cold, barely risen from one's bed—and starving. Optimists might urge that breakfast is in prospect. Yes, but what kind of breakfast? No tea or coffee, one egg, and not more than two or three slender sticks of a rusk-like baking. Where is the balm in such an outlook? But there are the afternoon concerts, the evening concerts, when luncheon and dinner have been enjoyed; cannot the polkas and potpourris be listened to with lazy enjoyment at those later hours?

Misuse not that blessed word "enjoyment," good

Optimist, we beg. There is no peace for the wicked, they say, and there is no enjoyment for those who are perpetually conscious of a gnawing pain inside them. The very impossibility of walking anywhere without hearing some band adds to the difficulty of enjoying any one of them. You stray into the pine forests, hoping to be soothed by the sweet music of the trees, the cheerful piping of the birds, but at every turn you are confronted by a café, and, if it has not got an orchestra, it is certain to have a gramophone. And the orchestra is sure to be playing a potpourri or a polka. May the day be far distant when British bands shall succumb to the seduction of the potpourri. As was the Saturday "Pie of Resurrection" to the wight at some Dotheboys Hall, so is the musical potpourri to the musical stomach of at least one sojourner at Magensbad. Perhaps a hundred snippets of melody may be heard in a single potpourri, one tacked on to the other without any rhyme or reason. Once we thought we were to hear the Trauermarsch from "Siegfried," but after a few bars it merged into the first four bars of the Prelude to "Lohengrin"; these dissolved into the Flower Maiden Song; then we had a few more bars of "Siegfried," the tail-piece of "O Star of Eve," the "Sword" motive, the beginning of "Gazing Around," and so the dreadful mincemeat was poured out by the horrible machine with its tall hats and its unshorn chins, in the cold and the rain, while our "Trinkglas" shivered in our hands.

Is there some clue to be found to the understanding of the beauty of these potpourris? We fear even the most persuasive, the most lucid guide to the appreciation of their intricacies would prove beyond us. But because we cannot hope to solve such higher mysteries, that is no reason why we might not, under a patient professor, learn, if not to enjoy, at any rate to listen without suffering to such music as our "cure" insists upon, under the conditions that we have described. Would that these lines of ours might happen to meet the eye of some musical author who is casting about for a new subject for his genius! Then might we hope that our suffering had not been in vain, but that future visitors to such watering-places as this might see in all the booksellers' shops an enticing tract in English, "Magensbad Music without Tears."

THERE was no falling off in the number or enthusiasm of the audience who attended the first of the Promenade Concerts at Queen's Hall on Saturday evening. Sir Henry Wood received his usual hearty meed of applause, and the season was opened by the singing of the National Anthem. Miss Carrie Tubb was at her best in "Ave Maria" from "Das Fleuerkreuz," while Mr. Frank Mullings in the "Flower Song" from "Carmen" left very little to be desired. Beethoven, Tchaikovsky, and Liszt were all represented and effectively rendered.

Following the procedure of other years certain evenings will be devoted to Wagner; on other nights the selection will be varied and cover the usual wide range of composers.



## Lafcadio Hearn Appraised

By W. G. BLAICKIE MURDOCH.

IT is only a few years since Lafcadio Hearn died, but already a number of things have been written about him, notably books by Yone Noguchi and Dr. G. M. Gould, Miss Nina Kennard and Miss Elizabeth Bisland, the latter being his "official" biographer, and the editress of his correspondence. He has come to be regarded as an oracle on Buddhism, and kindred matters relating to the East; Mr. Richard le Gallienne, in "Attitudes and Avowals," has hailed him as an "inspired translator"; while several of the above-named, Miss Bisland in particular, have spoken of their hero as an author of the loftiest order, worthy to be compared to De Quincey and other masters of like eminence.

Doubtless Hearn's position as an authority on the Orient is merited, but the point is one for scholars of the subject, not for a pure critic of the arts; while with reference to his translations, these also perforce constitute a theme only for the specialist. They include renderings from Hebrew, Finnish, Hindustani, and Chinese; and, though it is true that Hearn had but slight first-hand knowledge of the works he dealt with, and relied largely on French sources of information, it is withal patent that only those intimate with the different things at issue are entitled to say whether in any case the interpreter really captured the spirit of his original, really transmuted it to his pages as Andrew Lang has done with Homer, for example. One may well pause for a moment to praise Hearn's translations of Anatole France and Gautier, the latter alone serving to justify Mr. le Gallienne's comment; yet, in the main, what is sought in this essay is the appraisal of the writer's creative or personal work.

Among the most memorable acts of Swinburne must be numbered his defence of Mary, Queen of Scots, against her defenders. He showed the absurdity of regarding her as the insipid, faultless creature who figures in the writings of Sir John Skelton and other Mariolaters, and herein he did a genuine service to the memory of the Queen. It is well to love one's friends keenly, to love them none the less because of their faults; yet to blind oneself to these last is a mistaken kindness where an artist is concerned, while to rate him beyond his worth is more likely to make him a laughing-stock than to bring honour to his name. And the truth in relation to Hearn would seem to be that, like Stevenson, his personality is charming and his life-story picturesque, and accordingly his readers are prone to lose their hearts to the man himself, and so to shed all critical sense while speaking of his labours.

Hearn's nondescript nationality alone makes him an interesting figure. Born in the Ionian Islands, his mother was a Greek, while from his father he inherited English, Irish, and Romany blood. The author spent his boyhood in Ireland, in England, and in France; as a young man he went to America, and there he sojourned, first in New York, and afterwards in the Southern States. He also lived for some years in the

West Indies, while the second half of his life was spent in Japan, where, marrying a Japanese wife, he became a subject of the Mikado. And during these wanderings he wrote a series of letters which, infinitely more delightful than any of his books, vie with the correspondence of Byron himself in ease and spontaneity of style, are full of sparkling humour and shrewd observations on life, and are precious in many cases as revealing the writer's heart of hearts. Some of the early ones, too, are possibly supreme as regards handling that perennially bewitching topic, the budding and development of æstheticism in a boy—the thrill which comes when beauty is first perceived, first becomes a part of one's life—while all reflect a gay bravery and fortitude on the author's part, those qualities which are the quickest and most potent of all to win the admiration of mankind. For Hearn was partially blind, while the almost equally terrible curse of journalism shackled him till his youth was far spent; yet, faced as he was by these difficulties, he never ceased to dream of becoming a great author, and year after year he toiled with unflagging zeal, often denying himself the necessities of life to procure the means of study, and stealing from rest and sleep the time necessary for his beloved work.

There is something beautiful in the whole story, something very invigorating, and to read it is a good tonic in the hour of depression or lassitude; yet, on turning to the outcome of Hearn's ardour and self-denial, one is confronted by one of the most pathetic facts of life. One is reminded, in fine, that much noble art has been made with comparative ease, and that many of those who have striven for the mastery with the finest zeal have achieved little of moment. Their devotion may command praise, but, when the actor steps before the footlights, no one asks how long he took to don his finery, how much labour he gave to studying his part. Concern is only with the result of these preparations, and so too it is with every branch of æsthetics, a poem or piece of music standing or falling simply by what it is, and its merit being in no way enhanced because its maker is known to have employed heroism in creating it.

During his New York days Hearn attempted to make the American journalists connected with him punctuate their copy more adequately, and the practice earned for him the nickname of "Old Semicolon." It was given carelessly, given by people who did not realise the gifts of him they attacked, yet undoubtedly this sobriquet which he bore as a youth forms an apt critique of his subsequent productions. He aimed at what he called "poetic prose"—that is to say, one naturally assumes, prose of intrinsic beauty, beauty irrespective of the matter conveyed—and with a view to attaining this he indulged in the most intricate punctuation. His pages bristle with dashes, pause and exclamation marks, and the result is literally tantalising, reminding the reader constantly of the effort which the writer is making to compass the particular effect he desires. Here and there, as in his account of climbing Mount Fuji, he uses a less fastidious style—one resembling the rough

elliptical jottings of a diary—yet on these occasions he is even less happy. Again he constrains one to think more of the means than of the end gained thereby, and herein he is at variance with every master, no good art serving to remind one of the mode of technique employed. Looking at a picture by Manet one thinks primarily of beauty, not of impressionism, while standing before a noble example of Millais' early work one does not ponder on the tenets of pre-Raphaelitism. Such thoughts may arise afterwards in either case, yet in neither does obtrusiveness pertain to the style at issue nor outshadow the result.

A keen devotee of Gautier, Hearn used to quote that author's saying that a poet should study his dictionary eternally, and in that way make himself so well acquainted with the whole gamut of words that he will be able to find language for his every thought. Now some bits of Hearn's handwriting have been preserved, and they demonstrate him neurotic. Like most people of that kind his sensations and impressions were prone to be subtle and well nigh ineffable, and one finds him, for instance, essaying the impossible task of describing a faint shade of colour, or of defining the very *timbre* of an insect's note. With intent to achieve this he appears to have obsessed himself with Gautier's theory, and his pages abound in extraordinary words; yet does he fare the better because he has these at his command, and is his message anywhere sufficiently important to justify this ugly peculiarity, and to atone for those other technical limitations cited before?

Hearn is at his best in tiny sketches of West Indian or Japanese life, some of those in "Kokoro" being exquisite, and far transcending all his others. They are good because concerned with sentiments known to all men, not because they furnish information about the places in question; and it is the absence as a rule of the former quality, and the everlasting presence of the latter, which vitiates the bulk of the writer's books of travel. Ruskin says that an artist is only great if he can make one forget the creator himself while in touch with his creations, but, true as this is of much great art, *à propos* of writings on travel the reverse is generally the case. Among acknowledged classics in this department a few no doubt owe their longevity to vivid description of the lands the author visited, yet in general such things appeal because the writer's personality is dominant throughout; while further, no book of travel has passed into the realm of Literature on account of value in giving facts. Stevenson's "Travels with a Donkey" is chiefly engaging because he recorded his emotions *en route*, and this too it is which constitutes the charm of Kinglake's "Eothen" and John Davidson's "Random Itinerary"; but in Hearn one is told instead in which Mikado's reign this or that Japanese custom was instituted, while even more distressing are his particulars anent the trade of Barbadoes, and the thickness of the walls in the houses at St. Pierre. Reading things of this sort, one longs for the lyrical cry which renders many less erudite authors precious for all time, and this longing is felt

equally keenly on turning to the writer's various philosophic speculations. All these are able in the sense that those of Huxley and Herbert Spencer are, but to be a clever philosopher is not to be a literary artist—unless the philosopher makes his speculations a medium for telling the story of his own heart. That is what Hearn largely omitted from his voluminous works, evidently failing to realise, or realising too late, that it was in his passionate communion with life itself that his chance lay of writing something immortal. At least, however, he expressed this communion in his letters, and so it is advisable to read these ere turning to his books. For the books are not likely to awaken a taste for his correspondence, might even stultify the idea of reading it; and not to have done so, it is not extravagant to say, is to have missed one of the supreme joys of life.

## Art and Imitation—II

THE problem left unsolved in our first article is not a purely musical problem, for this power to affect us with a pleasant sadness is shared by all the Arts. It is seemingly a contradiction to speak of a pleasant sadness; joy is never unpleasant, how then can sadness be pleasant? Pleasure has been defined as the invariable accompaniment of a free and successful exercise of any faculty; pain, of its impeded and unsuccessful exercise. What, then, is this pleasurable pain which Art excites in us?—for the phrase seems to imply that some faculty is at the same moment both successful and unsuccessful, which is manifestly impossible.

Yet this contradiction does occur in the case of the faculty of pity or sympathy, for inasmuch as sympathy is a faculty, its free exercise cannot fail to be attended with pleasure, but inasmuch as it is sympathy, or suffering with, it is of necessity a mood of sadness. By the agency of sound, pity is first awakened; the first and most universal expression of pain is the cry, and it is through the sense of hearing that we first become aware of a fellow-being in distress. Moreover, the cry of pain is always a dissonant cry; this admits of a very simple explanation; any vibrative chord set in motion with undue violence gives out a dissonant note; that is to say, in addition to its prime tone it emits a number of inharmonic overtones which combine to give it the roughness characteristic of dissonance. Possibly this is a wise provision of nature; the purpose of the cry of pain is to summon aid, and especially to rouse the sleeping mother into instant wakefulness in defence of her distressed young. For this purpose a clear and agreeable note would be far less effective than a rough and piercing one; the infant's cry is a natural alarm, a winged rasp endowed with power to annihilate peace in every neighbouring bosom, till the needs of its owner are satisfied.

Dissonance, then, induces a mood of sadness, not because it is in itself disagreeable, but because it brings



to mind the notion of a creature in pain. The power of music depends primarily on its power to excite the emotion of pity by means of dissonance. This view agrees well with common opinion. "Plaintive," "dolorous," and words of similar connotation are those which have been most often and most aptly applied to music. Keats has spoken of "music yearning like a god in pain." The oldest existing instruments of music are the flutes used by the ancient Egyptians in ceremonial mourning. Many people will have observed that the moment of keenest pleasure in listening to a melody is the moment when the harshest discord strikes upon the ear, for it is then that the flood-gates of pity spring open and inundate the breast. "Is it not strange," says Benedick, "that sheep's guts can hale souls out of men's bodies?" It appears less strange when we see that the viscera of sheep and other quadrupeds, stretched over a violin, are but a rude facsimile of the human vocal chords.

It is now clear that the expressiveness of music proceeds not from what it is, but from what it indicates. Herein lies the essential difference between sound and taste or smell; for these latter are symbolic of nothing; if they are pleasant or unpleasant they are so in themselves alone. It is true that smells can become associated with places and events and so rouse deep emotion; as Kipling says:—

Smells are surer than sounds or sights  
To make your heartstrings crack.  
They start those awful voices o' nights  
That whisper, "Old man, come back."

Such association, however, is accidental and personal; smells cannot become, what sound is by nature, a universal symbol of emotion.

This distinction is of the utmost importance if we are to form a correct view of the place of Art in human life; for if we allowed, what is often taken for granted, that the pleasure of Music is identical with the pleasure of harmony or consonance, that is to say, with a pleasant stimulation of the sense of hearing, we must class Music simply as a species of sensual gratification, and the musician would deserve no higher esteem than the cook or the perfumer; according to this theory, the function of dissonance in Music would be the same as that of piquant condiments in cooking. This view is inadequate for many reasons. All sensual pleasures lead to intemperance, but there is no such thing as intemperance in the pleasures of Art. Moreover, devotion to sensual pleasure has a coarsening effect upon the soul, but devotion to the pleasures of Art has the reverse effect. "Artibus mollescent pectora asperitas que fugit." (By the Arts the bosom is softened and asperity flees away.) The reason of this is now apparent. Art exercises the sympathies, and sympathy is the root of all the gentler virtues; hence the pleasure of Art can never be a purely selfish pleasure; in this sense Ruskin is right in holding that no great artist could be a bad man; certainly no artist could be bad in the sense of being hard and unsympathetic.

Sympathy can only be moved by its proper object, the suffering will; hence the most moving form of Art is tragedy, and "the sweetest songs are those which tell of saddest thought." Of course we can "sympathise" with gladness, but this we do by virtue of some other faculty, such as love or friendship; we are not necessarily moved to joy by the sight of joy, as we are moved to compassion by the sight of sorrow; indeed, language affords no word corresponding to sympathy and compassion to indicate fellow-feeling in joy, showing that no such word is needed; this is natural; joy is sufficient to itself and requires no help from others. For this reason Music which is too cheerful is often tedious and annoying; much of Mozart's music has this fault; it fails to rouse our sympathy and therefore fatigues our attention; here we find the true antithesis to that agreeable sadness which Art awakens, namely, a disagreeable cheerfulness. Consider the oft-quoted lines of Browning:—

The year's in the spring;  
The day's at the morn;  
Morning's at seven;  
The hill side's dew-pearled;  
The lark's on the wing;  
The snail's on the thorn;  
God's in his heaven—  
All's right with the world.

and beside it put this passage from Herodotus:—

"Oh, King, how unlike to one another are your actions now and awhile since; for then you were accounting yourself fortunate, but now you are weeping.' And Xerxes answered, 'I was moved to pity in thinking how brief is human life, for of all this great multitude not one shall be alive in a hundred years.' And Artabanus answered, 'Yet other and more pitiful things than this we suffer by the way, for in this short life there is none born so fortunate, either of these or of any others, that he will not wish, not once, but many times, to be dead rather than alive.'"

The former passage leaves us unmoved and perhaps a trifle bored; the latter excites a thrill of compassion; nothing is more tedious than a too insistent optimism; hence a pessimist has been well defined as one who has lived in the same house with an optimist.

The fact that in Art we take pleasure in the contemplation of pain provided the Greek mind with a solution of the great enigma of the universe, the attitude of the Deity towards human suffering. The Greek gods were conceived as watching human affairs like spectators of a drama, keenly interested but not pained by the tragedy; such a view was natural to a nation so deeply artistic as the Greeks. This answer may be contrasted with that given by the Hebrew mind to the same question; this, the oldest solution, was arrived at by attributing to the Deity that other faculty which enables us to contemplate pain with satisfaction, namely, righteous indignation; this explanation, however, requires the unwarrantable assumption that misfortune is always subsequent and proportionate to guilt.

JOHN RIVERS.

## The Stratford Shakespeare Festival

IT is certainly satisfactory to find some place where vagaries of this summer have not marred a festive spirit; even as it is curious to discover a prosperity and good fellowship greater in the rain than in the shining glory of last year. For Stratford has been full as it seldom is full; and to judge from an all-powerful Box Office the Memorial Theatre has filled itself not less successfully than the town. All this is to the good. We have always insisted that, since the great cities are clearly an almost impossible base for the revival of great drama (as great cities and massed societies have always been), there is probably no apter place for such an attempt in England than Stratford. A more convenient theatre is needed; but it is the only place that does not truckle to merely journalistic drama, and that does seek to confine itself to drama that is great and intends greatly. It should, we think, be pioneer along these lines. Profitably, even, it might extend a welcome to enterprise in poetic drama, from new pens or from pens that have but lately dropped from notable hands. In fact, it is surely undeniable that this must come, if these Festivals are not to become lifeless revivals of a spirit that has passed away. And in the meantime, they help to emphasise the distinction that most needs emphasis now in all the Arts: the distinction between the great and the little, the permanent and the impermanent, between creative work and journalistic labour.

It is no Shakespearolatry, but simple sense, to say that in such an emphasis in drama Shakespeare must needs take the premier place. Yet among his own works there are some one looks for, which it is not easy always to get. One such play is "Othello," and this summer Mr. Benson has revived that play for the first time for a good many years. It is not difficult to see why it has been avoided for so long. In the first place, Mr. Benson is scarcely the most ideal representative for that character. It is astonishing how wide his range is—which is partly also a tribute to Shakespeare, since it attests the fundamental humanity of his characters. But no range of interpretation is without limitation; and so happy a Hamlet could scarcely be a perfect Othello.

To say that Othello failed of conviction is to say that Iago did not ring truly. For of all the ironic juxtapositions of character this pair is the most perfect. There was no man in all the range of possibility so inevitable a prey to Iago's cast of mind as Othello, even as there could have been no man more deadly to Othello at that moment of his life than Iago. Two such men put together had, sooner or later, to work to a mighty outbreak once the presence of a pure woman came near them. It only was a matter of how soon they should become fully charged by this new presence. We say, nowadays, that we no longer believe in a devil, but we all know him nevertheless. We meet men for whom there is no other adjective than diabolic. We know beauties and powers that are diabolic. Iago is such a man; he wields such a power; and in the

extraordinary precision and perfect balance of the working of his intellect there is just such a beauty. He is abnormal; and though he may cast about for reasons to explain his hatred towards the normal and healthy, the simple fact is that he hates the normally pure on the permanent instinct of his being. It is so everywhere, but it is markedly so in the matter of sex. Healthy minds may be bawdy, and to other healthy minds that fact may be undesirable, but it will not be offensive. That is to say, it will not be perverted. But when the perverted mind becomes bawdy it becomes filthy. The natural inclination is to strike down such a man, since he is an outrage in himself, and that violent and right instinct is an important thing to remember with regard to the play.

One of the evidences is this: one is hot and the other is cold. The healthy man (healthy of mind that is) may be inflamed by an appeal to his sex, but his attitude will be one of respect and tenderness. The perverted mind has that horrible thing, cold desire. Or, in the terms of the play, Othello is one and Iago is the other. Othello has just entered into the most intimate relation with a pure woman, and it is little to be wondered at that his whole being is in a somewhat unsettled, temporarily unsettled, condition. The moment will pass, but for such a man of such large passions, any thought from a perverted mind will be as a match to powder. And there is such a mind close by in his Ancient.

The very first words that Iago has to speak in the play reveal him to us. Their abominable filthiness is just that they indicate no passion in him. It would have been impossible for Othello to have spoken so. There Iago displays his perverted mind, and one of the first instincts of this is that it must strike at and seek to ruin the clean thing. Therefore he must strike at Othello. Moreover, Othello is for the moment a particularly apt prey—which Iago's instinct will divine almost without his reason being aware of it. And thus in their close relations at that moment there is something that is tremendous in its possibility. Iago never once tries to prove Desdemona guilty. He is all the time seeking to inflame Othello. Directly Othello seeks to curb these unloosed furies in him, as his own instinct of honour prompts him to do, Iago visualises more abominations for him. For he is now fighting for his own life. It is Desdemona's life or his, now. That is the whole terrible meaning of the third scene of the third act.

But Mr. Benson does not give us this Othello; and whatever may have been his desires, neither could Mr. Herbert as Iago respond to this note. Moreover, every characteristic speech of Iago's, with, in the maturer business of the play, every characteristic response of Othello's, was cut out. In a certain deep sense we did not have Shakespeare's play at all. As played by Mr. Benson and Mr. Herbert, the relation between Othello and Iago was one of opposition, whereas the heart-breaking tragedy is that it is a terrible conjunction.

Of course the answer to this is obvious. It will be



said that the play on such lines would be impossible to a modern audience. We venture to disagree. We would say, without a moment's hesitation, that if it were played on these lines, without the omission of a line, even the rawest schoolgirl would not be revolted by the words, but that they would be indicative to her of a terrible and tremendous conflict beyond. In other words, she would instinctively realise their proper value. That is to say, unless she had already been talked to by some unhealthily minded mother. At least, the experiment would be worth trying.

On their own lines Mr. Benson and Mr. Herbert, nevertheless, gave an interpretation far more convincing than most of the versions it has been our lot lately to see acted. This was in spite of the fact that Mr. Benson's make-up left a good deal to be desired, and what seemed to us as unnecessary "business" in many parts. As Desdemona Miss Green was excellent; and Mr. Caithness as Roderigo was specially admirable. Mr. Murray Carrington as Cassio succeeded well with a part that is not easy to play; and Miss McDowall as Bianca showed fine restraint and dignity. Indeed the whole company maintained its usual high standard of acting.

### Some Tolstoyan Exhibits

THERE is now being exhibited at the Old Bond Street Galleries the private collection of a great admirer of this Russian writer. The collection consists of numerous photos of Count Leo Tolstoy, taken at various periods of his career; some corrected proofs of his writings; autographs; pictures; and a facsimile of the room in the station-master's house where he died. The majority of the portraits are typical of the life of ceaseless energy and earnest zeal that is always associated with the great reformer's name. In many of them he is represented in the act of dictating to his secretary, his daughter; while others show that, previous to his final decision to renounce all family ties, he was apparently on very good terms with those by whom he was surrounded. He is generally seated in the midst of his many relations and friends, and in spite of his austere and simple life the pictures tell us that the Count sometimes allowed himself the luxury of men-servants. The room in which he died is so realistic as to give one a weird sensation, and in passing through it one feels compelled to hasten by the bed and to gain the door on the opposite side. The exhibition must appeal to a very large number of people; for there are very few who have not read or seen at least one of Tolstoy's books or plays, and it is always interesting to obtain glimpses of the inner life of those who have the power largely to influence others whether in the matter of religion, philosophy or politics.

### Germans Abroad

IT is said that to understand a foreigner it is necessary to see him in his own country. Here is one of those plausible untruths which go long uncontradicted. We cannot, it is clear, study him fairly in our country where his want of familiarity with the language and common habits, and a stiffness in his efforts to be at his ease—all painfully apparent—put him at an obvious disadvantage. So much is beyond dispute. But on the other hand, we can make only a half-study of him in his own country. We may face the pleasanter side of him there, but we do not see him in his relations with foreigners. We may miss this, which is most important to us, just as, seeing a public man at his own fireside, we may get no idea of his public qualities. We must study the foreigner out of his own home; we must see him, then, in a country which is foreign to us both. To study the German the Englishman must go to France. France, indeed, is the place where all foreigners may most profitably be studied, for while the Frenchman keeps his own home closed to them he receives them in his public places with a good-humoured courtesy which puts them quickly at their ease, so that their several traits become soon apparent.

The traditional Englishman abroad, the type that Thackeray drew, for example, in his Major at Boulogne, who every morning said "O" in a very loud voice, meaning by this that he desired hot water, is not now frequently met with. But between this type and the modern German abroad there are obvious similarities and one subtle and important difference. The traditional Englishman's contempt for the foreigner, his language, his habits and his dress, like the insolence of the Pharisee in the Temple, had something magnificent about it. It was an active contempt founded on two beliefs, his belief in his own superiority and his belief in the foreigner's sense of inferiority. The modern German abroad shows somewhat the same feeling, but without its magnificence. He has it in a negative form. With him it is a sort of clumsiness and insensibility. It is not so much contempt as mere indifference. The German does not despise the opinion of the foreigner; he is merely ignorant of its existence. He does not rise superior to criticism, but he misses the fact that he is criticised. He is self-sufficient. The French have hit him off neatly. They speak of the German "sans-gêne." Indeed, the German abroad is difficult to abash.

Observe him (say) at a *pension* table, where there are several races represented. He enters and bows stiffly in turn to everyone present with punctilious but ungracious politeness. He is soon at his ease, and if the dinner is not to his liking will criticise it with freedom; neither the feeling of other people nor his own modesty ever suggests to him that he should speak other than in a loud tone. A certain diffidence in one sitting at a foreign table and conversing in a strange tongue is not unnatural. One may well prefer to whisper what one has to say to those on either side, and to consider even the vis-à-vis as out of conversational range. But

the German abroad, if he thinks upon the matter at all, would consider such modesty as weakness, and if the spirit moves him will speak boldly from one end of the table to the other. For he is sublimely unconscious of any slips that he may make, and will stumble and blunder through a French sentence under the eyes of twenty other people with a cheerfulness which more sensitive men may well envy. Indeed, he will carry this insensibility of his own mistakes to the length of correcting the mistakes of his fellows, and in the presence of Frenchmen will take upon himself to instruct an American or Englishman in the uses of the French language. I have even seen a young German, with a smattering of French and a few words of English, bluntly contradict an Englishman at a French table on a point in the English language, and on his error being made plain to him, retire unabashed without even the trouble of an apology.

Observe, too, with what a humourless perseverance the German abroad pursues his study of a foreign language. At whatever pain to himself or to other people, he will persist in talking it even with his own countrymen. It is necessary to see two Germans in a French railway carriage who might converse comfortably in their own tongue laboriously exchange ideas in broken French, to understand why it is that the German can obtain so much more quickly than an Englishman a useful fluency in foreign speech. Indeed, a sense of the ridiculous is fatal to success. It is the real gift of the bad fairy. The German abroad does not possess it. And it is by this inability to see what is amusing in his own acts that the German succeeds, up to a certain point, more readily than others. By this insensibility to criticism, this bluntness, he can pursue his own course undisturbed—but only up to a certain point; after that point his indifference stands firmly in his way. He cannot profit by criticism or by the finer contact with other minds; he is too little susceptible to subtle influences, and so, in this one matter of language, while he comes quickly by fluency in speech, will rarely talk in a foreign language with complete accuracy, more rarely still with neatness and delicacy. It is a pity that La Bruyère did not live to see the modern German abroad. He would have hit off his foibles with much gusto. But there are certain traits in his character of Mopsé which seem prophetic.

C. V.

## Notes and News

Mr. John Lane publishes this week at 5s. net, "Gates of the Dolomites," by L. Marion Davidson, with many charming illustrations. Miss Davidson has thoroughly traversed the little known region of the Dolomites, and gives the result of her experiences in a book designed both for the armchair and the knapsack. The book includes a chapter on the flora of the district, by Miss Spencer Thomson.

This week Mr. Murray publishes Chevalier Tullio Itrace's volume "With the Italians in Tripoli." The

author, who has himself been at the front with the Italian army, has endeavoured to give a true and accurate report of what occurred, in order to counteract certain inspired and misleading accounts of the operations that had already reached this country. Mr. Murray also publishes shortly Lady Napier's new novel, "Muddling Through."

Messrs. John Long have just published a new novel, entitled "My Escapes," by "A Bachelor." The story, told in autobiographical form, is an amusing record of what happens to a young bachelor, who, suddenly becoming wealthy, and finding himself compromised with several girls, in various social stations, struggles to escape from his old pledges of matrimony.

Messrs. John Long have also published a shilling edition of "Wilhelmina in London," by Barry Pain, and a new sixpenny novel by Nat Gould, entitled "The Stolen Racer."

The Duke of Norfolk has entrusted the production of a memoir of his late uncle, Lord Lyons, the distinguished diplomatist, to Lord Newton, who served for several years under him at the Paris Embassy, and the book will be published by Edward Arnold. Lord Newton would be grateful for an opportunity of inspecting any letters of interest that may be in the possession of the late Lord Lyons' correspondents or their families. If any such letters are sent to him at Lyme Park, Disley, Cheshire, they will be carefully preserved and returned as soon as possible to their owners.

## Imperial and Foreign Affairs

### A FUTURE STORM CENTRE.

NO sooner have we been assured of an imminent termination of the Turco-Italian War than we find ourselves once more face to face with an upheaval in the Balkans that seems to threaten the integrity of the Ottoman Empire. But, as though the recurrence of this perennial nightmare were not a sufficient strain upon the disordered nerves of Europe, trouble, which promises to tax to the utmost the diplomatic resources of the Great Powers, is again looming in the distant East. In the case of Turkey and her internal disorganisation, there is no immediate cause for despair. On the contrary, without dismissing from our minds the gravity of the situation that may well evolve from the elements of unrest that exist throughout the country, there is reason for hope that Count Berchtold has indeed found a practical solution of the problem which has for so long baffled the ingenuity of statesmen.

To achieve his end, the Austro-Hungarian Foreign Minister is seeking to reinstate, in an elastic form, the European Concert. Initial unanimity assured, there would seem to be no bar to a smooth course of negotiations which should ultimately bring tranquillity to the diverse races of the Turkish Empire. Briefly, Count Berchtold's plan is to provide for a certain measure of decentralisation without impairment of Turkish



sovereignty. In what may be taken as an officially authorised statement which appeared in the *Times* of Saturday, we are told that:—

There is no idea of calling a congress or a conference which might arouse Turkish susceptibilities. There is no question of autonomy for Albania and for Macedonia, and it is not desired to pave the way for a fresh dismemberment of the Ottoman Empire. Measures must be found for rendering possible the satisfaction of the lawful aspirations of the non-Turkish nationalities in the Ottoman Empire in order that the Balkan States may no longer contemplate the making of war on Turkey. In short, it is a question of the strengthening of Turkey by a "measured decentralisation" which would not involve the danger of the creation of new Balkan States.

Nothing, so far, in the nature of destructive criticism of the Austrian proposals has appeared in the Press of Europe; and in some of the highest circles, both in England and on the Continent, expectations are held that the near future will witness the co-operation, in the interests of the world at large, no less than of Turkey herself, of the Powers who belong respectively to the Triple and the Entente.

At the present moment, however, it is not alone towards Constantinople that the attention of the European Chancelleries is turned. Within the last few days Peking has upheld its latter-day reputation for providing the world with surprises; and by the summary execution, in the dead of night, of two of its citizen soldiers the new Republic is on the verge of a crisis of which it is difficult to over-estimate the gravity. Ever since he returned to power, Yuan Shih-kai has been faced with well-nigh overwhelming odds. In the first place, his was the task of reconciling the Throne to its fate, and, at the same time, of satisfying the ambitious demands of the Southern Republicans. It was a tremendous and a thankless task, but he acquitted himself as a master, and became the custodian of the welfare of four hundred millions of people. In the months that have followed his election to the Presidency, the trials and difficulties of office have multiplied thick and fast. For not only have financial embarrassments beset his administration, but the Revolution itself has left behind such a residue of intrigue and heart-burning that Yuan Shih-kai is in constant danger of his life.

It would be idle at this stage to speculate upon the purely local developments which may arise from the conflict at present existing between Yuan Shih-kai and the Advisory Council. With an eagerness which betrays their unreliability, some writers have endeavoured to state a case for the enemies of the President. But the latest facts available certainly do not warrant confident prediction in this direction. It would seem that the two Generals who have gone to their doom, however worthy their motives, could not have been working to any practical end so far as China is concerned at present. On the contrary, they, and the school they represented, must be held responsible for much, if not all, of the anarchy which prevails in China to-day.

Yuan Shih-kai is a man whose patriotic motives cannot be called into question by anyone laying claim to political wisdom; and if the more ambitious among his compatriots would only consent to sink their rivalries and accord him whole-hearted support, an era of peace in China might easily dawn to-morrow. The real danger—not only to the Republic, but to every Power having interests in the Far East—lies in the fact that internecine strife is likely to provide the dangerous excuse for international intervention. It may be stated positively that Germany, Great Britain, the United States, and France are using, their utmost endeavours to render unnecessary a policy calculated to make China the storm centre of the world. We must trust to the efficacy of those covenants which bind us so closely to Japan and Russia to prevent a catastrophe which, in the case of the Balkan problem, is almost inconceivable.

## MOTORING

THE R. A. C. certificate relating to the test of the Cadillac self-starting system has been issued, and its essence is summarised in the following sentence:—"Three thousand starts (1,000 per car) were made without any hesitation, and on no occasion did the starter fail in operation." The conditions under which the trial was conducted were such as to preclude the possibility of any special preparation being made for the occasion, the three cars tested being selected by the R. A. C. officials out of fifteen which were placed at their disposal by the British representatives of the Cadillac, Messrs. F. S. Bennett, Limited. Two of those selected were at the wharf in London, packed in the cases in which they left the Detroit factory, while the third was taken from the Shaftesbury Avenue show-room. The certificate states that the interval between each start was approximately 10 seconds, and the average time taken for each engine to start was four-fifths of a second. It may be pointed out that a special feature of the Cadillac system of self-starting is that the engine automatically re-charges the batteries, so that the voltage remains practically constant. Messrs. Bennett state that there are actually in use at the present time over 11,000 cars fitted with

"EVERY DROP LUBRICATES."

## "Champion" Motor Oil

is the best for all types of Cars.

If not already using "Champion"  
send for trial tin to

**S. BOWLEY & SON,**

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the system, and that all are giving complete satisfaction.

In reference to self-starting devices generally, it is worth while to quote the opinion of Mr. S. F. Edge, who has been carrying out personal trials of the various self types in the market, including those operated by compressed air, springs, electricity, and acetylene gas. The result of his experiments is the conviction that each of these has disadvantages which, up to the present, outweighs its advantages, and he cannot recommend any of them to the private motorist. None of them would, in his opinion, give satisfaction after a year's use, and the amount of care and intelligence required to keep them working efficiently would be greater than the average car-owner is disposed to give. Dealing with the various systems separately, Mr. Edge says the compressed air type is too heavy and expensive, and, moreover, requires a skilled person to keep the installation in order; the spring type, although the simplest and most reliable when in perfect order, is too complicated, and therefore very liable to go wrong; the acetylene type is dangerous and erratic in starting; and the electric type, while ideal in theory, requires an excessive amount of power and would involve the use of a very heavy and expensive battery installation to give satisfaction with a large engine. It may, however, prove satisfactory with small engines, provided no objection be made to the expense. In spite of this unfavourable opinion of existing self-starting devices, Mr. Edge is convinced that the time will come when the ideal system will be evolved and perfected, and, as he rightly says, all experimenters in this direction deserve the thanks of the motoring community. Personally, he is quite willing thoroughly to test any new form of self-starter on one of the Napier cars, and impartially record the result for the benefit of motorists generally.

In the course of a leading article dealing with the serious accident in Scotland last week, when a char-à-bancs broke a driving chain when mounting a steep incline and ran backwards with disastrous results to the passengers, the *Motor* points out that the accident might have been averted had the vehicle been fitted with a sprag, and contends that all heavy motor vehicles, such as char-à-bancs and motor buses should be compulsorily fitted with these invaluable, but despised, devices. This is a very sensible suggestion, and the authorities would be well advised if they adopted it at once. In the early days of motoring, when engines had less reserve of power and the car mechanism was much cruder and less reliable than at present, the sprag was an almost invariable accessory of every car. With improved brakes and more powerful engines it has gradually become obsolete, and the modern motorist would smile if invited to have one fitted to his car. Nevertheless, it remains true that, in the event of the brakes failing when mounting a hill, the humble sprag is the only known device which will hold the car and prevent a dangerous backward run; and many people who motor with a sense of perfect security would feel less easy if they knew the actual state of the brakes of

the car in which they were riding, and realised how dependent they were upon the power and regular working of the engine. In the case of powerful chain-driven cars, more especially, is the sprag a valuable fitment, and certainly all heavy public motor vehicles would be safer if equipped with them.

Latest reports of the tyre test which is now proceeding are to the effect that all the tyres—Dunlop, Victor, Michelin, and Continental—are doing remarkably well. Over 2,000 miles have been covered, and none of the tyres has even lost a stud up to the present.

R. B. H.

## Flying at Hendon

THE weather, upon whose caprice almost everyone and everything depends—especially during the holiday month of August—has been responsible for the comparatively small amount of flying that has taken place in various parts of the country. On Saturday, however, in spite of a very strong wind, there were several ascents at Hendon. M. Marcel Desoutter and Mr. James Valentine were each up in the teeth of a gale, and although at one time it appeared as if Mr. Valentine's monoplane would overturn, neither met with any accident. Mr. Lewis Turner and Mr. R. T. Gates reached a height of about 800 feet, and Mr. Valentine won the speed handicap in 9 min. 22 2-5 sec.

## In the Temple of Mammon

The City Editor will be pleased to answer all financial queries by return of post if correspondents enclose a stamped addressed envelope. Such queries must be sent to the City Offices, 15, Cophall Avenue, E.C.

JUST as we were all expecting a rush of business this unfortunate Chinese trouble has broken out again and people are nervous. I believe that everything will be settled peacefully, but, as I have often informed you, there is a latent danger that the Chinaman in the North will decline to be led by the Chinaman in the South. Yuan Shih-kai is a great autocrat, and his colleague who controls the army has immense power; neither of them, however, is willing to allow the Cantonese any position in the Government. Trouble has been brewing for a long time past, and the difficulty is to get accurate information on this side. The Europeans in China are prejudiced and they are not well informed with regard to the position. The reason why I am hopeful that peace will be preserved is that the Chinese are eminently a business race. They are not fighters and they do not want trade disturbed by revolution; therefore both sections will attempt to compromise. Yuan Shih-kai has enormous influence and is a most capable man. He will probably think it wise to placate the Southerner. A serious revolution would be extremely dangerous to the London financiers; for the London banks have lent a great deal of money on Chinese stocks, being firmly convinced that peace was certain. A default followed by a revolution would, therefore, create a small panic.

There is no new issue of any importance except the debenture issue of the British-Australian Oil, which is offering £150,000 First Mortgage 6 per cent. Debentures. I see no future in the shale industry of Australia. In Scotland,



where shale has been mined for many years, Pumpherston is really the only consistently successful concern. It owes its success to the remarkable genius of Mr. Fraser. The past history of most of the other companies is a record of struggles. Now that the Standard Oil have made an agreement with the Scotch companies some of them are doing better, but not well enough to encourage anybody to put money into Australian shale. The cost of production is much higher in the Colonies than it is in Scotland. Advertisements have been inserted in various papers comparing the shale with the oil industry. Such a comparison is most misleading. Shale is like coal and has to be mined in the same manner. The cost of production of a ton of shale (f.o.b.) is about 20s. a ton. The cost of pumping a ton of oil from a well 700 feet deep is about 5s. The cost of reducing the shale to its constituent parts is twice as much as that of refining oil.

**MONEY.**—The market remains in an uninteresting condition. Crops are earlier than usual, but they have not yet begun to affect Lombard Street. The banks are buying bills freely, which looks as though they did not expect any advance in rates before October. Let us hope that none will occur.

**FOREIGNERS.**—There has been very little business in the Foreign market. The suspicious strength of Chinese Bonds makes one think of manipulation. This market is in the hands of one or two important banks and finance houses who do not intend to allow values to fall if they can help it. The newspapers, however, are doing their best to create a panic without probably quite understanding how serious such a crisis would be.

**HOME RAILS.**—The traffic returns are excellent and this has put heart into the market. Dealers are short, and if the public would only realise what splendid investments they could purchase we should see a sharp rise. It is somewhat sanguine to imagine that the loss on the past half-year will be recovered before Christmas. Nevertheless trade is booming all over the country, and it is possible that some of the railways may be able to increase their distribution. The policy of the directors in keeping dividends down is not easily explained. It is well known that the Government has a scheme for the nationalisation of the lines, and as they will buy on a dividend basis, the higher the distribution the more money will the shareholders get.

**YANKEES.**—The American market is good. Crops are magnificent, and all the bankers are advising their clients to buy Yankee Rails. Unions are talked up on a scheme for paying out the preference shareholders, but whether it will come to anything is very doubtful. These preference shareholders have no claim upon the assets after they have received their money back, the whole of such assets belonging to the ordinary shareholders. The simplest way to end the dispute would be to have a friendly law suit so that the question could be decided by the Supreme Court. Sooner or later this will be done. Copper shares are very strong, the Utah report for the quarter showed a surplus of nearly a million and a half dollars. The copper cost the company 8.12 cents per lb., and as the selling price is 17½ cents, Utah is making enormous profit. It has enough ore in hand to pay dividends for fifty years, therefore no one need be afraid of buying the shares. Miami is to be put up, but I think the price quite high enough. Copper will go to £85 a ton, and all copper shares will probably boom in the autumn. Amalgamated are a good purchase, and so are Anacondas.

**RUBBER.**—There is very little movement in the price of rubber shares, though the public are picking up what they consider cheap ones. But what is the use of buying something that looks cheap and afterwards turns out to be no good? Chersonese and Merlimau are my favourites, but I notice a great many brokers are recommending Galang Besar. I cannot agree with these brokers; because the price was once high is no reason why it should go up again. There was no rhyme or reason in the quotations for rubber shares during the boom.

**OIL.**—Roumania appears to be coming to the front. The Roumanian Consolidated has struck a good well, and the Astra has also got a spouter. There is no doubt that this country will one day rival Russia as an oil producer. Galician oil properties are doing well also; the Galician Oil Trust seems to have got over its difficulties and the shares are talked higher. Mr. Hicks went out to Galicia and put the affairs of the company on a business basis, not before it was wanted. The production is increasing and the share is a fair gamble. The best of the Maikops is British Maikop. Spies are talked higher, and there is some story that Shells are to be put up. I think, however, that they are quite high enough to-day.

**KAFFIRS.**—The Robinson Deep report was excellent. The profit for the year ending March amounted to £441,180. The grade of the ore now being crushed is rising and profits are affected, not only by the richness of the ore, but also by the use of machinery in breaking down the ore in the stopes. It is said that the mine will acquire fifty claims on the dip that are now part of the Booyesen estate. I think Robinson Deep and Knights the two best purchases in the Kaffir market, although we are promised much larger profits from Crown Mines during the year. Paris seems to hesitate over Kaffirs and the boom hangs fire, but I am sure that an effort will be made to put things better in the autumn.

**RHODESIANS.**—The market in Chartered is weak. Whenever the shares are put to 30s. sellers come in. There is no doubt that very large blocks of shares are hanging over our heads. When they are absorbed Chartered should go to £2, but when will that happen? Edmund Davis seems more inclined to put up Northern Coppers than to help his Jungle market. Latilla will be back from his holidays in a few days and will take up Planet Arcturus and Amalgamated Properties. I think that all Rhodesians will go better in sympathy.

**TIN.**—The tin market has been quite cheerful, mainly because the price of tin keeps so firm. I am told that the Rayfield Cornwall Syndicate has obtained enormous heaps of tailings that go about 10 lbs. to the ton. With modern appliances the vast masses of tailings that can be found all over Cornwall can be made to pay with tin at its present price. The old Cornish miners were very careless and did not extract more than 70 per cent. of the tin, the rest lies in the millions of tons of sands that disfigure the mining portions of Cornwall.

**MISCELLANEOUS.**—There is a very interesting article in the current number of *The Stockbroker* on the Marconi profits. Apparently the writer does not look for more than £200,000 profit for the parent company for the year. As the Stock Exchange calculates £400,000 as the profit and buys the shares on this basis, it is probable that purchasers will be disappointed. A large number of people are being circularised with a view to placing North Coast Land shares and debentures. Those who receive these circulars should carefully read the last report of this company.

RAYMOND RADCLIFFE.

## CORRESPONDENCE

### TALENTED AND TALENTUEUX.

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.

Comme on l'a dit, les langues sont de vastes territoires sillonnés de routes; à côté des chemins classés, il y a les chemins de traverse et les sentiers, souvent plus courts et surtout plus pittoresques que les grandes voies.—DOCTEUR CABANÈS (*Petit Parisien*.)

SIR,—I was once criticised, as a pupil, by my English teacher for using what he would call "the objectionable expression 'a talented man' for 'a man of talent.'" Almost at the same time, as far as I can remember, my French teacher was taking exception to the use of "Le talentueux professeur," instead of "Le professeur de

talent." Having full confidence in my teachers' knowledge, I adopted their notions without examining whether these notions were just or not; afterwards I took the trouble to investigate the truth. From that time to the present moment, I confess that I have never been thoroughly satisfied with the reason given by English purists for rejecting the word *talented* from the English language.\*

I was at this stage of my doubts as to the correctness of the word *talented*, when, recently, in one of THE ACADEMY supplements, Mr. J. W. Hales's following remarks on William Hodgson's work entitled "Errors in the Use of English," attracted my attention:—

"We confess to thinking that those who oppose the word *talented* have the worst of it in point of theory, and now also as respects usage. We hold with Dr. Fitzedward Hall that it is of thoroughly English formation. Many people, even of those who would set the world right about such matters, do not seem to know that '-ed' is an adjectival suffix as well as the participial. Those who object to it on the score that it must be formed from *talent* and not from *talents* forget that we speak of 'a man of talent,' using *talent* in a sort of collective sense; and that, exactly similarly, we speak of 'a high-principled man' and 'a man of high principle.' Surely the word ought to be allowed to take its seat in the house, so to say, without further opposition."

In French, qualifying adjectives are formed in the same way as nouns, that is to say, by *composition* or by *derivation*.†

Example (by composition)—*aigre-doux* (=sourish).

Example (by derivation)—*courageux* (=courageous), from *courage* (=courage).

This is another instance of the many points of resemblance that exist between the English and the French languages. That being the case, I fail to see any reason for my continuing to side with those who criticise the sensible remarks above quoted, as well as the following ones made (a) by Mr. West, in his Grammar (p. 202, Edition 1898), and (b) by the Authorities of the University of London.

Adjective suffixes—Possessing a quality:—

"(a) English: 'wretch-ed.' The *ed* in 'wretch' is the ending of the past participle, but it is attached to *nouns* as well as to verbs to form *adjectives*, as in 'horn-ed,' 'feather-ed,' 'kind-heart-ed.'

"A great outcry was raised some years ago against the words *gifted*, *talented*, *moneyed*, and a few similar adjectives, on the ground that they are formed like participles, but that there are no verbs from which they come.‡ If, however, we can talk of a 'ragged' beggar, there seems no reason why we should not talk of a 'gifted' poet. The further objection may be brought against *talented* and *moneyed*, that they are *hybrids*, since *talent* comes from the Greek and *money* from the Latin. But the same objection might be urged against the past participle of every weak verb of foreign origin in the language, from preached down to telegraphed."

(b) Extract from "Matriculation English" (1869-1880): "Some maintain that *ed* is the native suffix used to convert *verbs* into *adjectives*, and not *nouns*. Still there are so many examples coming under this category that it must be allowable; e.g., *talented*, *bigoted*, *daisied*, *sainted*, *skilled*, *storied*, *spirited*. An objection has been raised against such derivatives, it is true, but there is now a decided tendency to accept the formation in practice."

\* As for *talentueux*, it has now been accepted by Larousse, who calls it "une expression familière."

† Brachet's Public School French Grammar (accidence).

‡ *Talented* is about as bad as possible. What is it? It looks like a participle. From what verb? Fancy such a verb as "to talent"!—DEAN ALFORD'S "The Queen's English" (1864), p. 100.

In conclusion, Sir, I shall take the liberty to repeat Mr. Hales's words: "Surely the word *talented* ought to be allowed to take its seat in the house, so to say, without further opposition." I have the honour to be, Sir, your obedient servant,

ADOLPHE BERNON.

61, Talbot Road, Bayswater, W.

## "HAVE YOU READ BARUCH?"

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.

SIR,—With reference to your "Note of the Week" on Browning's story of Fontenelle and Habakkuk, and the similar anecdote of La Fontaine and Baruch, I believe that Browning was, indeed, deceived by that "hallucinatory faculty" his memory. I never heard of the Fontenelle-Habakkuk story before, but that about La Fontaine and Baruch has been familiar to me ever since my college days in France, some four-and-forty years ago. This is not surprising, as the anecdote has long figured in the various lives of the fabulist, and in nearly all the French encyclopædias, biographical dictionaries, etc. I think, however, that none of them specifies the real authority for the story. Let me repair that omission. I happen to know that it originally appeared in Louis Racine's memoirs of his father, first published in 1747. Louis Racine was too young to have known La Fontaine personally, but he derived this anecdote, like others, from his elder sisters. I may add, perhaps, that the query "Avez-vous lu Baruch?" has acquired a kind of proverbial status in France, being frequently used when anybody has been greatly impressed by what he regards as a remarkable discovery. Various instances of the kind are quoted in Larousse's Encyclopædia (1st Edition). I notice also that the question is given, under "Bazuch," in a familiar English work of reference, Dr. Brewer's "Reader's Handbook." If Fontenelle ever asked anything similar about Habakkuk it must have been jestingly, by way of parodying La Fontaine; but I doubt if he did so, and fear that Browning's memory was at fault.

I am, Sir, yours faithfully,

ERNEST A. VIZETELLY.

## CHILDREN'S COUNTRY HOLIDAYS FUND.

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.

SIR,—I again appeal through your columns for assistance for the Children's Country Holidays Fund.

The Executive Committee are still in need of a large sum of money, to enable them to carry out the arrangements which have been made, namely, to send away 50,000 children from the poorest classes in London for a fortnight's holiday in the country. The sum of £5,000 is urgently required to meet the disbursements necessary for carrying out the season's work.

The Executive Committee venture to believe that at such a time as this, when most of us who are more fortunately situated are in the enjoyment of our own holidays, this appeal will not be made in vain, and that the Fund will receive the assistance that is so urgently required. All contributions will be received here and gratefully acknowledged by me.

I have the honour to be, Sir, your most obedient servant,

ARRAN, Hon. Treasurer.

18, Buckingham Street, Strand, W.C.,

August 17th, 1912.

## "OF THAT ILK."

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.

SIR,—It is not often that one finds a writer in THE ACADEMY committing himself to a spurious *cliché*. But I would like Mr. R. A. J. Walling to say exactly what he means by the words I have underlined in the following



extract from his article on "By-ways of Brittany," in one of your issues of last month:—

" . . . and when on the road you encounter Raoul Trevithick, there is nothing but the riband hanging from his hat to distinguish him from Dick Trevithick of that ilk in our own western peninsula."

Of all the phrases which Englishmen have adopted from Scotland as their literary children, this one is the most hopelessly misunderstood. I am, yours, etc.,

THE ATRABILIOUS SCOT.

August, 1912.

## BOOKS RECEIVED

### HISTORY, BIOGRAPHY, AND MEMOIRS.

*Historical Sketches of Glamorgan: A Series of Papers Read Before the Glamorgan Society, London.* Vol. II. By Rev. D. Bryant, M.A., Rev. J. Leoline Phillips, B.A., and Howell Prosser. Illustrated. ("Western Mail." 1s. 9d., post free.)

*With the Italians in Tripoli: The Authentic History of the Turco-Italian War.* By Chevalier Tullio Irace. With Maps and Illustrations. (John Murray. 10s. 6d. net.)

*Catalogue of Parliamentary Papers, 1901-1910.* (P. S. King and Son. 5s.)

*A History of English Prose Rhythm.* By George Saintsbury. (Macmillan and Co. 14s. net.)

*The Golden Bough: A Study in Magic and Religion.* Third Edition. Part V. *Spirits of the Corn and of the Wild.* By J. G. Frazer, D.C.L., LL.D., Litt.D. 2 vols. (Macmillan and Co. 20s. net.)

*May I Tell You a Story?* By Helen Mar. With Portrait. (J. and J. Bennett. 2s. 6d. net.)

### MISCELLANEOUS.

*Legislation for the Protection of Women.* By Lord Charnwood. (P. S. King and Son. 2d.)

*Bibliothèque de la Faculté des Lettres:—XXX. L'Ischronisme dans le Vers Français.* By Paul Verrier. (Félix Alcan, Paris. 2 fr.)

*Lo Rei Lear. Tragedia de Guillem Shakespeare.* Translated into Spanish by Anfós Par. (Associació Wagneriana, Barcelona. 7.50 ptes.)

*Cruikshank Reflections: The Past and the Present in Merry Tales and Humorous Verses.* With 70 Illustrations by George Cruikshank. (Holden and Hardingham. 1s. net.)

*Plato's "Apology" and "Crito," or "The Defence of Socrates" and "The Drama of Loyalty."* A New Translation, with the Greek Text Parallel, and Introduction and Notes by Charles L. Marson, M.A. (Andrew Melrose. 3s. 6d. net.)

*The Strategy of Nature.* By Marshall Bruce-Williams. Coloured Frontispiece. (Association of Standardised Knowledge. 2s. 6d.)

*Axiom and Principles of the Science of Organisation.* By Marshall Bruce-Williams. With Charts. Second Edition. (Association of Standardised Knowledge. 7s. 6d.)

*Surnames of the United Kingdom.* By H. Harrison. Vol. II. Part 4. (The Eaton Press. 1s. net.)

*The Cathedrals and Churches of Rome and Southern Italy.* By T. Francis Bumpus. Illustrated. (T. Werner Laurie. 16s. net.)

*The Book of Revelations of Jim Crow.* With Prefaces by Horatio Bottomley and Peter Keary, and Portrait Frontispiece. (J. and J. Bennett. 2s.)

### FICTION.

*My Escapes.* By a Bachelor. (John Long. 6s.)

*The Stolen Racer.* By Nat Gould. (John Long. 6d.)

*Wilhelmina in London.* By Barry Pain. New Edition. (John Long. 1s. net.)

*The Child of His Adoption.* By George Evans. (Herbert and Daniel. 6s.)

*The Quest of the Golden Rose.* By John Oxenham. With a Frontispiece in Colour by Harold Copping. (Methuen and Co. 6s.)

*Olivia Mary.* By E. Maria Albanesi. (Methuen and Co. 6s.)

*The Man with the Red Beard: A Story of Moscow and London.* By David Whitelaw. (Greening and Co. 6d.)

*A Benedick in Arcady.* By Halliwell Sutcliffe. (Stanley Paul and Co. 6d.)

*Edelweiss.* By Rita. (Stanley Paul and Co. 6d.)

### EDUCATIONAL.

*Black's Sentinel Reader.* By E. E. Speight, B.A. Books IV and V. Illustrated. (A. and C. Black, 1s. 6d. each.)

### VERSE.

*Castle Building, and Other Poems.* By Guy Kendall. (A. C. Fifield. 1s. net.)

### THEOLOGY.

*Getting Ready for the Mission: Suggestions to Clergy Who are Preparing for a Mission in Their Parishes.* By the Ven. Archdeacon Donne, M.A. New Edition, with a Preface by the Rev. Canon Mason, D.D. (The S.P.C.K. 1s.)

### PERIODICALS.

*L'Action Nationale; Bookseller; Constitution Papers; University Correspondent; La Revue; Publishers' Circular; Revue Bleue; Peru To-Day; Revue Critique d'Histoire et de Littérature; Wednesday Review, Trichinopoly; Mercure de France; Literary Digest, N.Y.; Journal de Psychologie Normale et Pathologique; Friendly Greetings; Sunday at Home; Boy's Own Paper; Girl's Own Paper and Woman's Magazine. Museum of Fine Arts Bulletin, Boston, Mass.; The Atlantic Monthly.*

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